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POEMS

BY

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SECOND EDITION.

POUGHKEEPSIE:
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Young Men's Christian

Ass'n..... New York..... 1

MEMOIR.

THE sweetest flowers are not the foster-children of the garden only. The most fragrant blossoms are not always the most delightful to the eye. The student of nature finds many of them in the shady margin of the wood, or in the sunny meadow, where no visible hand ever cultivates them, and where the feet of the lovers of pleasure seldom stray in search of them. They are wild flowers wrought into exquisite beauty and sweetness, by unaided heat and moisture. They bear no mark of human skill. They exhale no other perfume than that which was given them in Paradise.

And so it is with the diviner nature of man, that blossoms into expression in poetry and the plastic and pictorial arts. Its spontaneous utterances by souls in shadow or secluded sunshine, are often more perfect interpreters of that diviner nature, than are the displays of the culture of the schools. They are wild flowers of the spirit, — sweet, modest, and unpretending.

Of such flowers this little volume is com-

posed. These, and many others that bloomed in the fancy and imagination of the author, have been gathered and preserved by the hand of his eldest surviving son as a filial duty; and it has been my office only to select the most attractive and bind them into a bouquet. That task has been a labor of love, for the writer of these verses was a tried friend of my youth and of my maturer years.

To the friends of WILLIAM WILSON, no more need be said. To strangers I will here tell all the story of his life which they may care to know, or which it is proper for them to know.

At the foot of the lofty Grampian Hills in Perthshire, near the picturesque centre of Scotland, is the village of Crieff. There William Wilson was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1801. When he was five years of age, his mother, a high-spirited Scotch Highlander, became a widow. Her husband had been a generous and unsuspecting merchant in Crieff, and by the knavery of others was made almost penniless before his death. Sympathizing friends offered the widow pecuniary aid. She steadily refused to accept it, for, with innate independence, she relied upon her own industry as an expert spinner for a maintenance for herself and family. She had a hard and weary struggle, for she often earned no more than eight cents a day, though toiling from dawn till almost midnight.

Willie was the widow's best-loved child. He was bright, beautiful, and affectionate. He never entered a school as a pupil, but his mother taught him to read before he was six years of age. And long winter nights, when she was toiling with her wheel and distaff, he would sit upon an old counterpane spread for him upon the bare floor of the cottage, near a poor turf-fire, without shoes or stockings (for he had none), and read to her from the blessed Book of Life, until his eyelids longed for sleep. Then she would charm him by singing old Scottish ballads, in the lore of which she was deeply versed. She sang the strains of her native land with unusual sweetness and warmth of feeling; and she early imparted to the child a love of music, poetry, and romance which gave tone to his intellectual life ever afterward.

At the age of seven years Willie was employed by a farmer not far from his mother's cottage, in tending cows upon a moor. He was delighted, for a love of nature was a dominant emotion of his heart. His most attractive companions there were the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a tattered volume of "Scotch Ballads." These he would read until his eyes were weary, when he would sing the ballad of Chevy Chace, or some other stirring story in verse.

A few years later, young Wilson and his

mother were living in the populous city of Glasgow, where he was apprenticed to the business of folding and packing cloth, and putting it into various forms for a foreign market. He became an excellent "lapper," as those who practiced that business were called; and he won the respect and confidence of his master by excellent deportment at all times. He spent his leisure hours in reading and study; and his chief place of resort at such times was the street book-stall of a good-natured dealer, where, standing by the shelves, he read Young's "Night Thoughts" twice through. He finally saved enough money, after months of self-denial, to buy the book for fifty cents. That was the beginning of a library which, four years later, was greater in the number of its volumes than that of his parish minister. It was at the beginning of his apprenticeship in Glasgow that he made his first attempts to acquire the art of writing. He was so successful in self-culture, that at the end of a year he acted as subordinate clerk in the establishment. Young Wilson was very fond of music; and he was so good a singer at the age of fifteen years, that he chanted a solo at a grand concert in Traders' Hall, Glasgow. A year later he was precentor or leader of a choir in psalmody in a parish church near that city. He had already composed several songs of considerable merit,

but his modesty caused their concealment from his most intimate friends.

At about that time he met Jane, the beautiful daughter of William M'Kenzie, of whom he said, in after years, "She was the sweetest, purest, gentlest, and kindest of her sex that ever I looked upon, or ever will." She was younger than he, — a child in years and simplicity of heart. They became fond of each other; and they sometimes spent a whole day together in a secluded little fir-coppice in a dell near the suburbs of the city. There, on a bright afternoon, they "plighted their troth" to each other, when each pulled a fir-tap from the tree that shaded them, which they exchanged and kept as a token of their engagement. After that, "fir-taps" was a love watch-word between them that puzzled their friends; and the riddle was not explained until, before he was eighteen years of age, the gentle Jane became his wife. He was yet a cloth-lapper, but the business, then declining, soon failed altogether. For eight months during his early married life, he was without regular employment, and felt the pinchings of poverty most severely. But his love for his wife was such an inspiration, that he was happy during the darkest hours of that night.

Morning soon dawned. The young lapper found employment in the establishment of Adam

Reid, in Dundee, whose son was the editor of the "Dundee Review." Wilson worked for his employer from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. After which, while others slept, he wrote prose and poetry for the "Review," over the signature of "Alpin." He was, in fact, the Editor's chief assistant. He was also a contributor to other periodicals, but always over a fictitious signature, for then, as all through life, he disliked notoriety.

In 1824 Mr. Wilson became the conductor of the Dundee "Literary Olio," a periodical issued fortnightly. He yet continued lapping, and was pursuing that vocation late in the following year when a Danish author, named Feldburg, travelling in Scotland, tarried a little while in Dundee. Charmed by some of Wilson's poetry in the "Dundee Magazine," the Dane visited the author, and promised to do what he might to procure for him a more lucrative employment. At Edinburgh he commended him to Sir John Sinclair and other leading citizens, as a young man of genius, worthy of their patronage. Wilson was invited to the Scottish metropolis, and was a guest at the table of men of note there, who assisted him in starting the business of a coal commission-merchant. The eminent and venerable Mrs. Grant, of Laggan (better known in this country by her charming volume of

ante-revolutionary reminiscences entitled "*Memoirs of an American Lady*"), became deeply interested in him, and was his warm friend as long as she lived.

Mr. Wilson formed a partnership with his younger brother. Business thrived for a while. Their customers were many and influential. Robert Chambers, his early and life-long friend, said in a letter to Mr. Wilson's eldest son, written not long ago: "A man of very great note, Sir William Hamilton, was a fast friend of the young coal-merchant. There was, at this time, something very engaging in his appearance: a fair open countenance, ruddy with the bloom of health; manners soft and pleasing; language and elocution free from all vulgarity."

It was now the beginning of the year 1826. Luminous beyond all precedent then seemed to him the orb of hope. It was suddenly eclipsed. His young wife, who was his idol and the mother of his four children, died. At her bedside, while watching without intermission and trembling with anxiety, and by her lifeless body when hope was extinguished, he wrote the touching poem in this volume entitled "*Mary*," a name by which he often addressed her in verse. Under that heavy blow his health and spirits were crushed for a season. At length he sought and found relief from wearing sorrow in his desolated

household, in composition. Prose and verse flowed from his pen in full measure. His songs were popular; and his musical compositions were admired. One of his songs was sung repeatedly with applause, in the theatre at Edinburgh, by one of the most eminent of the feminine singers of the time. He was an ever-welcome contributor to the "Edinburgh Literary Journal," and other periodicals in Scotland and in London; and he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of many intellectual men of that day.

The death of his wife gave a soberer tone to Mr. Wilson's after-life. The memory of her perfections, linked with a deep religious sentiment which pervaded his whole nature, inspired much of his verse. Time, the great healer, closed the wounds made by sharp sorrow, and several years after his bereavement, the happiness of his earlier life was renewed by marriage with Miss Jane Sibbald, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, and member of one of the oldest families in the County of Roxburg. She was a true mother to his "mitherless bairns," and in character, the reverse of the one hinted at in his poem entitled "The Mitherless Wean." A score of years after this marriage, he said, in a lecture on "The Philosophy of Home," given before a literary association in this country: "Were it fitting, I could tell you of a

step-mother, who for twenty years has filled that ungracious and much maligned duty, whose undeviating aim has been to screen, qualify, and explain away the faults and follies of her step-children, and who, in the unselfish nobility of her nature, has never once appeared to be conscious which portion of the family was hers and which that of her predecessor."

Mr. Wilson continued his mercantile business and literary recreation, in Edinburgh, until December, 1833, when he left his home in Melville Place, with a moderate capital, and emigrated to the United States. He passed the remainder of the winter, after his arrival, in the city of New York, and in the spring of 1834, he went into the interior of Pennsylvania with the intention of investing his capital in land or merchandise there. His purpose was changed when his family arrived in New York in July; and at the close of that month he went with them to the village of Poughkeepsie, on the bank of the Hudson River, where he established a bookstore and circulating library. From that time until within a few weeks of his death, on the 25th of August, 1860, he was engaged in the book trade in Poughkeepsie as publisher, binder, and seller, a part of the time in partnership with the late Paraclete Potter (brother of the bishop), but a greater portion of the time alone.

Mr. Wilson was a most attentive and laborious business man, yet he found time to write much and well for the periodicals of Great Britain and this country. He was always an acceptable contributor to the Edinburgh "Literary Journal," "Chambers' Journal," and others. During his earlier residence in Poughkeepsie, he wrote some excellent poems for "Tait's Magazine," over his old signature of "Alpin." In a collection of Scottish poetry, published in Glasgow in 1844, and another collection, in six volumes, published in Edinburgh in 1857, there are several poems from his pen which display great delicacy of sentiment, vigor of thought, and artistic construction.

Mr. Wilson seldom published his compositions over his own name; and when, many years ago, his eldest son proposed the issuing of a collection of his poems in a volume, he said, "Pray, think no more about it. I have no objection to be quizzed by a few private friends who may affect to admire my rubbish, but I have no wish to be the target of the public. I know, moreover, that although you might like to hear me sing to half a dozen friends at your own fireside and mine, it does not follow that you would equally relish an exhibition of my vocality in Tripler Hall." Later, his modest scruples were partially overcome; and a few months before his

death, he told me that he had thought of making a selection of his poems for publication in a volume. That willingness is his son's warrant for issuing this little book.

Mr. Wilson's writings for the press of this country — among them the "New York Evening Post," "The Albion," "The Knickerbocker Magazine," and others — bore the assumed name of "Allan Grant." Over that signature he made many contributions to "The Church Record," edited and published in Chicago by his younger son. These were mostly poetic effusions. Among his prose contributions to that periodical were a series of extracts from the "Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys," a courtier of the times of the later Stuarts. These he introduced by a racy general preface and charming interweaving paragraphs from his own pen, and the papers were signed "W. W." He continued these contributions until a short time before his death. He was passionately fond of music, and left several compositions of considerable merit. A few months before his death he composed an air of great beauty to a poem by his friend Hew Ainslee, the venerable Scotch poet, who survives him.

True, just, and honorable in all his dealings, a warm and active friend of the deserving, and liberal to those in need and in the promotion of

public benefactions, so far as a prudent management of his affairs would allow, Mr. Wilson was highly esteemed by all as an excellent citizen. Fluent in conversation, well educated possessed of an extensive and critical knowledge of books and their authors, he was a most agreeable and instructive companion for intelligent men. Retiring and unobtrusive, he was seldom seen in social life excepting in business relations, or as a worshipper in the temple on the Sabbath day. Only a few knew his real moral and intellectual worth. The few who appreciated him, and shared his confidence and friendship, remember with pleasure his genial good-nature, the exuberance of his spirits, his fund of anecdote, and his pure and delightful social qualities as exhibited under his own roof. In his family he was a strict disciplinarian, according to old country notions; but he was ever tender, affectionate, kind, generous, and winning. And had he published his collection of poems when he contemplated it, he might have truthfully dedicated it to his children in the following words, which he wrote for his friend, John Aitken, Editor of the "London Cabinet," as the dedication to *his* children of one of the volumes of that publication:—

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun;

Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless if I can,
And merge the busy worldling in the man.

Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,
Authoritative air and look austere,
But the fond sire with feelings long repress'd,
Eager to bless, as eager to be bless'd,
Longing in home's dear sanctuary to find
The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,
The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,
The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,
And all the luxury which boisterous mirth
Scattered, erewhile, around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what "pomp
And circumstance" of glee we used to romp
From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and chairs,
O'erturning household gods — now up the stairs,
Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,
Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding ?
Remember ye — when under books and toys
The table groaned, and evening's tranquil joys
Soothed your excited spirits to repose —
How, blithe as larks, at peep of dawn ye rose ?
Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,
As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower,
No ills annoyed you, pleasures never pall'd,
Care ne'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,
But like blithe birds, from clime to clime that fly,
Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless sky, —
"But now Papa's grown strange, and will not speak,
Nor play at blind-man's buff, nor hide-and-seek ;
Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,
Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said,
But still, with thoughtful look and brow of gloom,

He stalks in silence to his study room,
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share ;
Why, what can dear Papa be doing there ? ”

Such were the thoughts which oft in tears gush'd forth,
Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,
And dimmed the lustre of your bright blue eyes —
As wandering clouds obscure the moonlit skies,
Making their misty mellowness even more
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

'Mid laureled literature's elysian bowers,
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,
And these collected treasures at your feet
I lay, ye beautiful ! “ Sweets to the sweet.”

Yet all too soon I dedicate to you
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed ;
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed,
To win me favor in your infant eyes ;
Though years may come when ye will fondly prize
Affection's fond memorials, given to prove
The doating fondness of a father's love ;
Love, full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

Such, in brief outline, is a picture of the more salient points in the life and character of the author of this volume of poems. It is but the familiar illustration of those of a thousand others who have soared up from the shadows of poverty and social obscurity on the wings of their own

inherent excellencies, into the upper light and air of usefulness, honor, and distinction. He experienced, in its broadest sense, as others have done, the truth of the assurance of the sacred Proverbialist, who said, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

B. J. L.

THE RIDGE, DOVER, N. Y., 1869.



POEMS.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS.

O BLESSED morn ! whose ruddy beam
Of gladness mantles fount and stream,
And over all created things
A golden robe of glory flings.

On every tendril, leaf, and spray,
A diamond glistens in the ray,
And from a thousand throats a shout
Of adoration gushes out, —
A glad but sweet preclusive psalm
Which breaks the hallowed morning's calm.

Each wimpling brook, each winding rill,
That sings and murmurs on at will,
Seems vocal with the blest refrain, —
“The Lord has come to life again!”

And from each wild-flower on the wold,
In purple, sapphire, snow, or gold,
Pink, amethyst, or azure hue,
Beauteous of tint and bright with dew,

18 *SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS.*

There breathes an incense off'ring, borne
Upon the wakening breeze of morn
To the Creator, all divine!—
Meet sacrifice for such a shrine.

Far down those lofty forest aisles,
Where twilight's solemn hush prevails,
The wind its balmy censer swings
Like odors from an angel's wings,
Who, passing swift to earth, had riven
Their fragrance from the bowers of heav'n.

And through each sylvan tangled hall
Where slanting bars of sunlight fall,
Faint sounds of hallelujahs sweet
The trancéd ear would seem to gree',
As if the holy seraphim
Were choiring here their matin* hymn.

God of all nature! here I feel
Thy awful presence, as I kneel
In humble, heart-abasement meet,
Thus lowly at Thy mercy seat;
And while I tremble I adore
(Like him by Bethel's stone of yore),
For this Thy vouchsafed presence given
Hath made this place the gate of heaven.

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

WHAT means this sleepless longing
For the open sapphire sky?
Those restless wishes thronging,
That like falcon I might fly
To the mountains towering high?

Away from reeking alleys,
With their swelt'ring heat and din,
To the blessed hills and valleys,
Where, assoiled from mortal sin,
Peace of spirit I might win.

I loathe the steaming city,
With its mis'ries manifold,
And its ever during ditty,
"Give us gold — O, give us gold!
Heap'd, unmeasur'd, and untold."

There the hollow pomp of fashion,
With its apish airs of pride,
And the baleful fire of passion,
Flinging ruin far and wide,
Heav'n from the hearth doth hide.

These have soil'd the robes of brightness,
That the soul in Eden wore,
And have marr'd the spirit's lightness,
From the ancient days of yore —
And will mar it evermore.

From the rich man's pillar'd temple,
With its carv'd and fretted roof,
And cushion'd stalls so ample,
The poor man must stand aloof,
Or endure pride's stern reproof.

My spirit shuns communion
With the robe-bedizen'd crowd,
That in freezing formal union,
And with aspect cold and proud,
Mumble orisons aloud.

But roams where brooks are gliding
Through the deep embow'ring dells,
And violets are hiding,
'Neath the laden fox-glove bells,
Where the wild bees' bugle swells.

Seeks the old woods' leafy ceiling,
With their cloister'd vistas dim,
When summer winds are pealing
Forth their incense-breathing hymn
To the list'ning seraphim.

There in fervor, lowly kneeling
On the consecrated sod,
In silent prayer appealing,
From my anchorite abode,
I would humbly worship God.

O, BLESSING ON THEE, LAND!

O, BLESSING on thee, land
Of love and minstrel song;
For freedom found a dwelling-place
Thy mountain cliffs among!
And still she loves to roam
Among thy heath-clad hills,
And blend her wild-wood harp's sweet strain
With the voice of mountain rills.

Her song is on the gale,
Her step upon the wold;
And morning diamonds brightly gem
Her braided locks of gold.
Far up the pine-wood glen,
Her sylph-like form is seen,
By hunter in the hazy dawn,
Or wandering bard at e'en.

My own dear native home,
The birthplace of the brave,
O, never may thy soil be trod
By tyrant or by slave!

Then, blessing on thee, land
Of love and minstrel song;
For freedom found a dwelling-place
Thy mountain cliffs among!

SONG OF THE WESTERN SETTLER.

WHY did I leave fair Branksome's towers,
Why did I leave sweet Teviot glen,
Its daisied banks and hazel bowers,
Kind collie, plaid, and blithe sheep-pen?
O, there is not a rushy den,
Clear wimpling burn, or brier brake,
But in my bosom stirs a train
Of mournful thoughts that make it ache.

Oft, dreams of Albion's sea-bound isle
Steal o'er my slumber with their balm;
I hear a song, I meet a smile,
At bughting in the gloaming-calm.
Anon the reverential psalm,
From straw-thatched cot, will fancy hear,
And kneeling low with joinéd palm,
Breathe the heart-uttered prayer sincere.

Then round me gathered faces dear,
That kindly words of welcome speak;
My father's smile — the glistening tear
Of gladness on my mother's cheek.

One form my wandering eye doth seek,
My plighted Marion — “nearest, best,
Come hither with those looks so meek,
And let me fold thee to my breast.”

But morning comes, and with it wake
My bleeding sorrows fresh again,
And I must to my toil betake,
Beside that fatal marshy fen.

.

Could I again in Teviot vale
Wander when gloaming hour was near,
And hearken to the cushat's wail,
Or blackbird piping to his dear,
Or listen'd with delighted ear
The soaring laverock's vesper song,
Blent with the lintie's warblings clear,
That pipes the yellow broom among, —

Then light of heart and lithe of limb,
I'd belt my plaid and grasp my kent,
And by the holy twilight dim,
Would hie me to the upland bent.
There with the star-gemm'd firmament
Above me for my temple dome,
I'd kneel and ask of heaven — content —
A shepherd's lot and Scottish home.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE.

HE sat alone on a mossy cairn,
And leant on his bloody brand,
While his look grew vengeful, dark, and stern,
With thoughts of his injured land.
Where is the plaided warrior host
He marshal'd at morning tide?
On the battle-field with banner lost,
They are slumbering side by side!
And he like a hunted felon flies
To the hills of his native home,
In mountain shepherd's lowly guise,
Through the wilderness to roam.

On steep Benvoirlich's storm-beaten crest,
The eagle is monarch there;
And low in the heathy vale at rest,
The red deer couch in their lair.
The hill-fox hies to his craggy den,
The bittern to sedgy brake,
But the Bruce must shun the haunts of men,
An outcast for Scotland's sake.
What kingly daring and might could dare,
That good King Robert did he;
Now falls his grief on the desert air
For the knight of Ellerslie:

“ O, for the sword of the Wallace now,
With its lightning flash of doom !
When the battle flush was on his brow
And victory on his plume !
When like the whirlwind’s wrathful sweep,
He rushed to the deadly fray,
While the foe fell round him heap on heap,
As the mower swaths the hay.
And back like frighten’d deer they fled,
Each hurrying rank on rank,
As the stern avenger’s angry blade
Gleamed red on rear and flank.

“ Then rung fair Scotland’s stormy hurra,
As she waved her bonnet blue,
While o’er her warrior’s thick array
Her proud lion-banner flew.
And that lion-banner yet shall stream
Uncheck’d from strand to strand,
And the broad claymore ’mid victory gleam
In each plaided hero’s hand !
Then from her trance shall Freedom wake,
And her trumpet blast be blown,
Till haughty English Edward quake
On his lofty tyrant throne.”

THE RARE OLD FRIENDS.

THE rare old friends, the dear old friends,
How fast they pass away!
Fast as the vernal blossom showers
Fall from the leafy spray.

And in their dark and silent homes
We lay them, one by one,
Each like a planet from our heaven,
Forever quenched and gone.

The rare old friends, the dear old friends,
The trusted and the true;
How wane they from our weeping sight,
As dries the summer dew.

We miss them on the crowded mart,
We miss them in the hall,
And by the vacant ingleside —
O, saddest blank of all.

To gaze into the frozen eye
From which the light is gone,
To speak, and hear no loving voice
Replying to our own;

To strain them to our bleeding heart,
As if their flight to stay,
And O, the cruel thought to know,—
We clasp but lifeless clay.

So stealeth night upon our sky;
Yet 'mid its pall-like gloom,
Faith points, with angel smile, to worlds
Of bliss beyond the tomb.

Then let them pass, those dear old friends,
As autumn's honors fall,
They soon shall call us hence, and we
Shall answer to their call.

Why linger at the banquet board
When all the guests are flown?
No! let us seek that land of love
Where all the loved are gone.

THE MITHERLESS WEAN.

If ye ever rejoic'd in the sweets o' a hame,
If ye still have a mither to luv an' to
 bless;

O, pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean
 That has nae hame to seek, an' is mither-
 less!

O, pity, kind stranger, for ance like thee
I was ane o' a happy familie!

I' the morning we raise wi' the loud liltin'
 lark,

 When he dried his dewy wings in the
 young sunbeam;

An' wi' hearts fu' o' luv sent our praise up
 to Heaven

 An' our prayers for what to him best might
 seem.

An' she that's awa' — wi' an uplifted ee —
Sought the blessing o' the Lord on our in-
 dustrie.

A' day lang we toil'd, but we never repined,
 Our dear mither lo'ed us, our father ay was
 kind.

An' our hearts then a' pure, were as licht as
the down

O' the thistle, when it frolics wi' the way-
ward wind ;

Whate'er Heaven sent we were gladsome to
see,

An' we ne'er thoct our day's daurk a drudgerie.

An' when gloamin' cam' on, nicht's dark har-
binger,

O, then cam the hours o' our innocent
mirth

When we gather'd wi' joy 'neath our cot's
lowly roof,

An' wi' faces a' smilin' encircled the hearth,
An' beguil'd the e'en wi' tales o' the deeds
that wont to be,

Or wi' sangs o' our Kubra's auld minstrelsie.

An' O, it was sweet when the nicht was
gane,

To raise high the holy Psalmodie,
An' to read in the book, o' the love o' our
God,

An' to kneel to Him rev'rentlie :
An' to bless his name, wha has sworn to be
The puir man's God continuallie.

But wae's my sad heart! thae bricht days are
gane

An' a lang nicht o' sadness an' sorrow is
nigh,

For the finger o' death touch'd the face o'
my mither

An' her well-spring o' life dribblet dry :
An' she slippit awa' like the mists that ye see
Stealin' upward to heaven sae bonnilie.

An' ere spring had spread its green o'er her
grave,

An unco woman sat in her auld chair —
His new wife, father ca'd her — an' he said
she wad hae

A mither's luve for us, an' a kind mith-
er's care ;

O, how could she e'er be a mither to me
That spake o' the dead sae scornfullie. —

Fu' soon on our stools her bairns were a'
planted

Round the ingle that erst burnt sae cheerilie,
An' frae hame we were driven — an' the door
barr'd against us

To drift through a wide warld wearily.
An' O, sad are the days that the wretched
maun dree

Wha wander through the warld friendlesslie.

If ye ever rejoiced in the sweets o' a hame,
If ye still ha'e a mither to love an' to
 bless,

O, pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean
 That has nae hame to seek, an' is mither-
 less.

O, pity, kind stranger, an' frae heaven hie
The God o' the puir will bless thy charitie.

BONNIE MARY.

WHEN the sun gaes down, when the sun gaes
down,
I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the sun
gaes down ;
I'll row my apron up, and I'll leave the reeky
town,
And meet thee by the burnie when the sun
gaes down.

By the burnie there's a bower, we will gently
lean us there,
An' forget in ither's arms every earthly care,
For the chiefest of my joys in this weary
mortal roun'
Is the burnside wi' Mary, when the sun gaes
down.

When the sun gaes down, etc.

There's the ruined castle tower on the distant
steep appears,
Like a hoary auld warrior faded with years ;

An the burnie stealin' by wi' a fairy silver
soun'

Will soothe us wi' its music when the sun
gaes doun.

When the sun gaes doun, etc.

The burnie is sweet when the dew is on the
flower,

But 'tis like a little heaven at the trystin' hour.

An' with pity I would look on the king who
wears the crown

When wi' thee by the burnie, when the sun
gaes doun.

When the sun gaes doun, etc.

When the sun gaes doun, when the sun gaes
doun,

I'll meet thee by the burnie, when the sun
gaes doun;

Come in thy petticoatie, and thy little drugget
gown,

An' I'll meet thee, bonnie Mary, when the
sun gaes doun.

HYMN.

O THOU who art beyond the praise
Of holy minist'ring seraphim,
With trembling joy may I not raise
To Thee my grateful, lowly theme?

Yes! leprosied all o'er with sin,
And worm of dust although I be,
Omnipotent and Holy One,
I lift my soul in praise to Thee.

I bless Thee for the love which tells
Of Him that for the guilty died;
I bless Thee for the stream which wells
In healthful murmurs from His side.

O, bathe me there; O, wash me white,
And free from every mortal stain;
Restore the inner man to sight,
And bid my spirit live again.

MARY.

· WRITTEN IN JANUARY, 1826.

START not, my love, 'twas but the midnight
bell

Pealing its drowsy notes upon thine ear,
In measured tones of dreariness which knell

The solemn dirge of the departed year,
Dying in melancholy deep farewell.

O, how that lengthened chime was wont to
cheer

Us with its magic; why so charmless now?
The dew of sickness stands upon thy burning
brow.

There was a time, my own belov'd, when I
Did rouse thee up to revel at that sound;
And now I sit beside thy couch, and sigh
To watch thy throbbing bosom's fevered
bound,

Or read the wishes of thy languid eye
That wanders vacantly the chamber round,
Until it fix with steady smile on him
On whom alone aye falls its fondest, warmest
beam.

O, Mary dearest, seven years have past,
Since we were one in feeling, future, soul,
And every year seemed happier than the last,
Because we loved each other with the whole
Of our affections, which no time can blast,
Change alienate, nor circumstance control;
For passing years but beautify our chain,
As rivers widen as they onward near the
main.

Thy thoughts are wandering, love; this is no
bower,

There is no streamlet rippling 'mong the
broom.

Are we not now alone, at midnight hour,
Keeping our vigil by that taper's gloom?
Here is no singing bird, nor shrub, nor
flower,

Flinging upon the breeze its rich perfume;
Save I thy own bird, that, too sad to sing,
Sits by thy couch with weary, drooping wing.

My drooping flower, thy cheek is flushed, thy
lip

Is parched with withering drought, and
deeply pale.

But come, this cooling goblet thou shalt sip.
'Twill quench its burning; O, let me prevail
Upon thee, sweetest, but to quaff this cup,
And like the mist before the mountain gale,

Or evening's shadows at the dawn of day,
These wildering fantasies will quickly fade
away.

I cannot sing, my love, yet faint and low,
I'll breathe that melody thou lov'st to hear;
O could the strain but half as softly flow.
As when I pour'd it first upon thine ear,
Then ecstasy would light that brow of snow,
And brighten up that eye's dimmed atmosphere,
As breaks the sunbeam through the morning
mists
Serene and beauteous; list now, my lov'd
one, list:

HYMN.

O THERE'S a land of life and light,
Where sickness never ventured,
A paradise of pure delight,
Where sorrow never entered.

There nought to bid the bosom ache,
Or cloud the brow with sadness,
But every heart to joy awake,
Forever tuned to gladness.

And there the ransomed spirits dwell,
By life's immortal river,

The raptured song of love to swell,
Forever and forever.

A little while in darkness here,
We, weeping, onward wander ;
But death shall every fetter tear,
Which keeps fond souls asunder.

The grave is but our couch of rest,
Where, freed from sin and sorrow,
We'll sleep until we join the blest
On judgment's glorious morrow.

SLEEP.

My wounded dove, the soothing strain,
Like summer shower on thirsty plain,
Hath for a while beguiled thy woes,
And lulled thee into calm repose.
Then slumber, love, slumber, love, softly and
bland,
May thy visions be all of the heavenly land.

And 'neath the cadence of the lay,
Thy veering fancies died away ;
As melts the dreamer's grief, when clear
The voice of morning meets his ear.
Then slumber, love, slumber, love, softly and
bland,
May thy visions be all of the heavenly land.

DEATH.

My loved one, why that anguished start?
Thy pale lips' silent quiver?
The sigh that seemed to rend thy heart?
That wild convulsive shiver?

And wherefore not return the kiss
'Mid burning tears I gave thee?
Why heedless of his deep distress
That now would die to save thee?

One word, one softly whispered word,
Before we part forever,
Ere yet thy spirit be restored
To its Almighty Giver.

.

And art thou then at rest from pain,
Released from all thy sorrow,
And wilt thou never wake again
To welcome in the morrow?

Then earth no more my heart shall claim,
Since death the bond hath riven;
But up through nature's vast domain,
'Twill follow thee to heaven.

DECAY

THE strife is o'er, and calmly now,
On that cold alabaster brow,
The glow of beauty lingers still
Like moonlight on a snowy hill.

And on that death-cold marble cheek
The last faint fading roseate streak
Of life, like sunlight on the wave,
Plays yet as if to mock the grave.

But o'er that mild blue, dove-like eye,
Like clouds athwart the moonlit sky,
The darkening haze of death hath passed.
And all its glory overcast. f

My beauteous idol now o'erturned
For whom my soul's best incense burned,
To whom my spirit bent the knee,
Alas! why is it thus with thee?

Yet wherefore ask? that lip so pale,
Though mute reveals the awful tale;
And that fixed eye, though closed, can teach
More moving truths than priests can preach.

But vain is grief, regret is vain,
Since now the soul hath burst its chain,

Broke from its prison-house abode,
And sought the bosom of its God.

And what remaineth here but clay,
Fast hastening onward to decay?
But glorified it yet shall rise
To meet immortals in the skies.

One farewell kiss, but not forever,
For though a few brief years we sever,
Rejoined we yet shall bask for aye,
In sunshine of eternal day.

DIRGE.

My sun of gladness now though set,
Thou shalt arise in beauty yet,
Serene and cloudless, on to blaze
In an immortal length of days.

No setting there, no darkening cloud
Thy blissful dream of joy to shroud;
For thee, the Lord in might sublime
Gives light to all that lovely clime.

My star of bliss whose shrouded beam
No more upon my sight shall gleam,
Since thou art set, a purer ray
Shall cheer me on my heavenward way.

Yea, He the bright and morning-star,
Shall shine upon my path afar,
Till earthly perils all are past,
Then take me home to heaven at last.

Farewell, farewell, the darksome grave
All that is dust again shall have,
But the immortal part hath gone
To put its robes of glory on ;

Hath sought with the redeemed to share
The song of rapture rising there,
To join the everlasting psalm
Of adoration to the Lamb.

EPITAPH.

PAUSE, reader, o'er this lowly bed,
Where one that erst did live is laid.
Brief was her race, but nobly run ;
The goal is reached, the crown is won.

All that was gentle, pure, refined,
Benignant, winning, courteous, kind,
She was ; but words are vain, for she
Was all that womankind should be.

In this cold world's unkindly soil,
Her virtues shed their sweets awhile ;
But when the warning word was given,
She burst her bonds and sprung to heaven.

STANZAS TO A LADY. .

SWEET lady! I tell thee thou need'st not
tremble,

Unwarily should thy soft fingers touch
mine;

I love thee not, girl, — why should I dis-
semble?

My heart is another's — it ne'er can be
thine.

And if thou wouldst know who that heart has
a keeping,

And wherefore my brow is still shadowed
with care?

Or why all my gladness is changed into weep-
ing?

Go ask the dark grave — for my idol is
there.

Oh! it was not the spell of her dark ringlets
wreathing

Around the white neck so surpassingly fair,

Nor the music that seemed from that soft
bosom breathing,
As if telling how kind was the heart that
beat there.

It was not the calm of her brow's snowy
whiteness
That won my heart's homage from all else
on earth;
Nor the glanee of her eloquent eyes' thrilling
brightness,
Still sweetliest beaming when by her own
hearth.

'Twas the smile on the ruddy lip ever repos-
ing,
When no one was near to applaud or con-
demn;
The sunshine within, of the pure soul disclos-
ing;
The bliss of the spirit — the blaze of the
gem.

She waned not as light from the landscape at
even,
As mist from the mountain, or snow from
the hill,—
But passed as a star from the azure of heaven,
A flash from the cloud, or a ray from the
rill.

My sainted, my loved one, my lost earthly
treasure —

All pure and beatified now as thou art,
Thine, dearest, thine be my harp's latest meas-
ure,

The last sigh of my soul, the last throb of
my heart !

EULALIE.

THERE was a man in noon of life,
Of passions ardent, deep, and warm,
Who sought by turns repose and strife,
Alternate courted weal and harm.
Divers and strange the ways he trod,
Now seemed a Satyr, now a God.

He gazed on nature with the look
The lover on his idol flings,
And woman's heart he made a book,
Wherein unutterable things
Of heaven and earth by turns he read,
As prudence or as passion led.

Zig-zaging thus from flower to thorn,
From thorn to flower he wildly sprung,
Now met his prayer the golden morn,
Now on a wanton's smile he hung ;
Anon his eyes well bitter tears,
For broken peace and squander'd years.

One morn, an angel clad in light,
Met him upon his devious way,

Took pity on his mournful plight,
And cleared from clouds his mental ray ;
Then pointing heavenward said "Beware !
Uplift thine eyes, thy home is there !"

And now with humble heart and mien,
And chastened spirit, journeying on,
He walks a stranger 'mid the scene,
Where once with meteor flash he shone ;
And ever and anon with prayer,
He looks to heaven, for *she* is there.

And still upon his evening path,
A light is shining half divine,
For in his spirit's depth he hath
Upraised a pure and sacred shrine,
And that adored one, who was she ?
His guardian angel, Eulalie.

SONG.

How pleasant, in our highland home,
When early flowers were springing
Among the birchen bowers to roam,
And list the linnet singing;
The moorland dells, where heather bells,
And fox-gloves fair were blooming,
And mountain thyme, all in its prime,
The balmy air perfuming.

Around our childhood's happy home
A wimpling stream went chiding;
Now glassy calm, now white with foam,
Now 'neath green hazels hiding;
That streamlet fair, those woodlands rare,
Methinks I yet behold them;
And to my breast, those wild flowers blest,
In fancy I enfold them.

In slumber, thus, we oft recall
Some long departed sorrow,
Till fancied woes, in tears that fall,
Fly at the voice of morrow.

Thus mem'ry dwells on fond farewells,
When years come softly stealing,
Till Faith's bright ray breaks on our way,
The bliss of heaven revealing.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh the queer auld man, the dear auld man,
The drollest in Christendie,
Wha sae aft has beguil'd doure care till he
 smil'd;
He's comin' his kinsfolk to see!
He's comin' to daud frae his bonnet a blink
The stoure o' classic ha's;
He's hung up his gown i' the gude auld
 toun,
An' brunt his critic's taws.

CHORUS.

He's a dear auld man, he's a queer auld
 man,
He's a leal auld man, he's a hale auld man,
Frae the Aristook to the Raritan
Ye'll no find the fier o' our spree auld
 man.

But his pike-staff o' aik, whilk mony a paik
Has rung on timmer crouns,
An' his birken crutch, ye'll find few such
For soberin' senseless loons.
Thae switches strang — the short an' the
 lang,
The pawkie auld carle brings,

An' wae to the pate o' the blether-skate,
On whilk their vengeance rings.

He's a bauld auld man, he's a yauld auld
man,
He's a free auld man, he's a slee auld man,
An' there's no a lady in a' the lan'
Wi' a blythesomer e'e than our braw auld
man.

But a kindly wit has Scotland's Kit,
As kind a heart an' smile,
An' the wierd words flung, frae his witching
tongue,
The gled frae the lift wad wile.
For a' kind o' lear, His presence be here!
An' a' kinds o' knowledge has he,
Baith Latin an' Greek he as glibly can speak,
As ye wad the A, B, C.

He's a grave auld man, he's a brave auld
man,
He's a frank auld man, he's a swank auld
man,
At fleechin' or preachin' or cloorin' a
pan,
There's nae peer to our North Countree
auld man.

Sae lads to your shanks, an' thegither in
ranks,

Let's welcome gude Kit to our shore.
In our costliest braws — wi' our loudest hur-
rahs,

Till the wondering welkin roar;
For kings are but caff, an' warld's gear draff,
Engulph'd by the tide o' Time,
But the heaven-born mind, loving a' mankind,
Till doomsday shall tower sublime.

He's a grand auld man, he's a bland auld
man,

He's a yare auld man, he's a rare auld
man,

Tho' the terror o' sumph an' o' charlatan,
He's a kind-hearted debonair auld man.

“AH! NA, JOHNNIE, NA.”

AH! na, Johnny, na, though ye're bonny,
young, an' braw,

I canna lea' my puir auld mither pining
a' alane

In her lowly theekit beild i' the gloamin' grey
o' eild,

Wi' nane to help an' nane to heed her
mane.

Ah! na, Johnny, na, I wot ye never saw,

A cruel dochter mak' a kindly marrow to a
man,

Nor the ruthless bairn that wrings a parent's
bosom strings,

But fell beneath inisfortune's bitter ban.

Ah! na, Johnny, na, when Liking gies the law

Puir Duty aft maun jink an' jee an' hide her
head awhile,

But a blessing ay maun be on the bairn frae
on hie,

Wha seeks a mither's sorrows to beguile.

Ah! na, Johnny, na, 'twould break my heart
in twa,

Should ony winsome lassie wile awa' your
love frae me,

But laddie dinna blame that I canna lea' my
hame,

Or frail auld widow'd minny love for thee.

Ah! na, Johnny, na, the true love atween us
twa,

Will like a rose tree blossom on for mony
a happy year,

An' ilk comin' spring will find its tendrils
closer twin'd,

An' nearer to ilk ither and mair dear.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

BRIGHTLY, brightly the moonbeam shines
On the castle turret wall ;
Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
To the warder's drowsy strain,
And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring-flowers spread,
When first he was fettered there ;
Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
All lowly lies his banner bright,
That foremost in battle streamed,
And dim is the sword that in the fight
Like midnight meteor beamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
That banner o'er his head,
His good lance in his hand again,
With Paynim slaughter red,

The craven hearts that round him now
With coward triumph stand,
Would quail before that dauntless brow,
And the death-flash of that brand.

THE ISLAND QUEEN.

How sternly beautiful art thou,
Romantic northern land ;
Whose lofty cloud-encompassed brow,
And look of high command,
Bespeak thee wont to have thy will, —
To wake or bid the world be still.

Amidst the surging ocean throned,
That laves thy queenly feet,
And round by girdling mountains zoned,
Thou tak'st thy regal seat,
The sovereign lady of the sea,
Hope of the brave — home of the free.

I've seen the Summer coronal
Thy princely robe with flowers,
And Autumn gather sweets from all
The upland dingle bowers,
And breathe around thee, the perfumes
Of all his fairest mountain blooms.

But when hoar Winter round thy brow
His white tiara bound,

And like a spotless vestal thou,
In dazzling beauty crowned,
Sat pinnacled in grandeur there,
What sight on earth so calm, so fair!

Now o'er thy vales the virgin Spring,
Her joyous smile hath thrown;
And from thy woods love-warblings ring
In many a varied tone;
And lambs upon the green sward leap,
And herds are lowing on each steep.

And all is fair and free from thrall,
Where despot none is found;
For shackles from the captive fall,
Who touches English ground;
And by each rude and gentle tongue
Upon the earth, thy praise is sung.

Hast thou not to the nations been
A hope-inspiring star?
When tyrants made the world a scene
Of carnage, 'waste, and war,
Till forth thy serried legions thronged,
To spoil the spoiler — right the wronged.

But calmly thou'rt reposing now
Like a lion in his lair,
And peace hath charmed from thy brow

The tempest cloud of care ;
But woe to him would wake thy ire —
’Twere better rouse old Etna’s fire.

All lovely art thou, ocean queen,
Most beautiful and free ;
And where on this terrestrial scene,
Is aught may vie with thee ?
For on thy consecrated sod,
Hath Freedom chosen her abode.

And long to her may incense rise,
From city, cot, and wold,
Until the moon in dotage dies,
The sun grows dim and cold ;
Then be the dirge of nature sung,
And heaven’s last trumpet-summons rung.

A MOURNER'S DREAM.

YESTREEN at midnight hour I crept
Forlorn to my lonely bed,
For the carking cares of this weary world,
Lay on my heart like lead.

And on my pillow bitter tears
Of sorrow fell like rain,
Till balmy slumber kindly stole
The poison sting of pain.

And then methought my buried love,
With brow of blissful calm,
Came softly in, as she was wont,
At hour of evening psalm.

And down beside my couch she sat,
As if to list my moan,
While close I held my breath to drink
Her words' celestial tone.

O, Willie, wherefore weep ye sae,
And wherefore do ye pine?
And is the sacred lore forgot,
Ye taught to me lang syne?

Leave sordid cares to sordid souls,
The earth to earthly men,
And lift thy open brow to heaven,
With faith and hope again.

And God on high shall be thy guide,
His angel host thy guard,
And earth shall turn to heaven, and heaven
At last be thy reward.

Keep hands unsullied, heart unstained,
Nor mammon worship more,
And I shall meet thee, Willie dear,
On yon immortal shore.

“IT IS WELL.”

2 KINGS iv. 26.

IT is well with the soul of the righteous, well
Though the seas of adversity over him swell;
For He who is mighty will ever be near,
To comfort his saints amid sorrow and fear.

It is well, though the idols in whom thou
didst trust
Should be shiver'd before thee and trampled
in dust:
Believer, in love from thy grasp they were
riven,
That thy hopes might be anchor'd alone upon
heaven.

It is well — it is well — all is well, still with
thee,
Though thy gourds of enjoyment blasted
should be;
Bless the hand that bereaves, 'tis a Father's
own hand,
And beckons thy thoughts to a lovelier land.

And when 'neath the cold wizard touch of
decay,
The nearest and dearest of friends fade away
Like autumn's sere honors, when strew'd on
the gale,
Even then be the words of thy soul, "It is
well!"

When the combat is o'er and the race is
run,
And the bright goal of glory almost won,
O Saint, may thy spirit, triumphant in faith,
Exclaim, "It is well!" in the valley of death.

And when the veil rends that no longer shall
sever
Thy soul from the joys of Jehovah forever,
May the last faint sounds on thy pale lips
that swell,
Be whisper'd in rapture, "It is well! It is
well!"

THE FAITHLESS.

WE part, — yet wherefore should I weep,
From faithless thing like thee to sever?
Or let one tear mine eyelids steep,
While thus I cast thee off forever?
I loved thee — need I say how well?
Few, few have ever loved so dearly;
As many a sleepless hour can tell,
And many a vow breath'd too sincerely.

But late beneath its jetty lash,
I loved to mark thy blue eyes' splendor,
Which wont all witchingly to flash
On me its light, so soft and tender;
Now, from that glance I turn away,
As if its thrilling gaze could wound me:
Though not, as once, in love's young day,
When thoughtless passion's fetters bound
me.

The dimpling smile, with sweetness fraught —
The bosom, 'mid its snow, upheaving;
Who, that had seen them, could have thought
That things so fair could be deceiving?

The moon, the sky, the wave, the wind,
In all their fitful moods of changing,
Are nought to wavering woman's mind,
Forever shifting, ever ranging !

Farewell ! I'd rather launch my bark
Upon the angry ocean billow,
'Mid wintry winds, and tempests dark,
Than make thy faithless breast my pillow.
Thy broken vow now cannot bind ;
Thy streaming tears no more can move
me ;
And thus I turn from thee, to find
A heart that may more truly love me.

EPISTLE TO LIZZY LEE.

WHERE Hudson deep, majestic, wide,
Pours to the sea his monarch tide,
And mountains mirror'd in their pride
O' simmer sheen,
A cozy cot may be descried
'Mid maples green.

The settin' sun is sweetly glantin'
His gowden glories down the plantin',
While loud the mellow robin's chantin'
His melodie,
And on the croft the bairns are rantin'
Wi' mickle glee.

The sheep are nibblin' on the swaird,
The ky are routing i' the yard,
The naigs wi' e'ening corn are car'd,
An' i' the pen
The ca's ha'e low'd till echo rair'd
Lowings again.

Beneath the honeysuckle's screen,
Gazing upon the gladsome scene,

My modest, comely, gentle Jean,
 Wi' bairn on knee,
Sits smilin' like some shepherd queen
 O' Arcadie.

And Arcadie it is I trew
To me whose hopes and aims are few,
Where unpolluted joys I pu'
 Fresh frae love's tree,
Which 'bears young blossoms fair and new
 For ay to me.

And certes tho' my day is dreigh,
And fortune still looks sour an' skeigh,
Baith head and heart I'll still haud high,
 An' cock my bonnet,
Though brainless, purse-proud coofs cry
 "feigh,"
 I'll pen a sonnet.

Let saints look shy, and sages sharp;
Let prudes cry "fye!" and critics carp,
I'll wake ance mair my Norlan' harp,
 An' think nae crime
To weave the measure, woof an' warp,
 In Doric rhyme.

'Tis true I never can aspire
To Jamie's bauld Promethean fire,

Or glorious Walter's lofty lyre,
Or Robbie's strain,
The chief an' king o' a' the choir
O' mortal men.

But yet in artless rustic sang
O' scenes dear Scotia's vales amang,
When simmer a 'her sweetness flang
O'er hill an' plain,
A simple minstrel thinks nae wrang
To lilt a strain.

And ablins to his muirland lays,
Will gentle L—— gie meed o' praise,
Nae hollow, courtly, sugar'd praise,
O' commendation,
But kind encomium, meet to raise
Self-approbation.

And haply when he's no ower thrang,
He'll sing to her some rustic sang,
Sometimes o' joy, sometimes o' strang,
Heart-riving sorrow,
Sic as the breast o' Mary wrang,
By flowery Yarrow.

'Twad pleasure her I weel opine
To list the lays o' auld lang syne,

Strain after strain, line after line,
 Wi' transport fillin';
A pensive sadness half divine
 The bosom thrillin'.

Men worship wealth, and sigh for rank,
As if their heav'n were in a bank,
And when by mony a wily prank,
 Wi' gear they're gorged,
'Tis but to hear the fetters clank
 Themselves hae forg'd.

But tent me winsome Lizzy Lee,
Could wealth ay fa' to sic as thee,
Unspoil'd by greatness and degree,
 By purse unprided:
E'en God's puir bodies wad agree
 'Twas weel divided.

Oh leeze me on the open heart!
Unchill'd by greed, unstain'd by art,
Unkent on fashion's giddy mart:
 By rank unscared,
Scorning to play a fawning part
 To king or laird.

And should we meet — and meet we shall
In spite o' bondage and o' thrall —

A voice shall echo in her hall
 To some auld ditty,
And if on tentless ears it fall,
 The mair's the pity.

How soothing is this solitude,
Where nature, in her wildest mood
Of richly cultur'd quietude
 And beauty, reigns,
And gentle L——, the lov'd, the good,
 The soul enchains.

The greenwood glade, the sylvan bower,
The garden grac'd with many a flower,
The wild birds' song at gloaming hour
 In melting strain,
These all are gentle Lizzy's dower,—
 This her domain.

What is there in the grand saloon
Amid the dinsome stoory toun,
To keep the weary heart in tune?
 Which like a dove,
Pines through the leafy groves o' June,
 At will to rove.

O what has wealth or what has lare
To heal the canker wounds o' care,

Or soothe the heart wi' sorrow sair
 When, tempest-driven,
The bloodshot e'e o' wild despair
 It lifts to Heaven?

Wha spurns distrust an' loathes disguise
An' ilka will that knav'ry tries,
That is the heart o' hearts to prize;
 An' where 'tis given,
Nae greater blessing to the wise
 Can come frae Heaven.

Then wi' a sordid miser's care
That friendship in my heart I'll bear;
A glowing jewel — priceless — rare —
 Of worth untold,
That deeply shall be treasur'd there
 Like hidden gold.

Farewell; for while this strain I'm weavin,
The sober russet plaid o' even
Has thrown athort the azure heaven •
 Its darksome cover;
But gay or gloomy, glad or grievin',
 I'm thine forever.

NIGHT ON THE SEA-SHORE.

THE heavens are cloudless,
The winds are asleep,
And there is not a breath
On the face of the deep,
Save the drowsy sound
Of the fisherman's oar,
As he heavily nears
His boat to the shore.

The shepherd's blithe whistle
Hath ceas'd on the hill,
The watch-dog is mute,
And the forest is still;
And the silence of ocean,
Of earth and of sky,
Is soft as the slumber
Of innocence.

Now the weary fisher
Hath moor'd his light skiff;
The sea-bird hath gone
To his place in the cliff;

And the aspect of nature
Seems silent and dead,
As man's mortal part
When the spirit hath fled.

The young autumn moon
Looks abroad on the scene,
Unclouded, untroubled,
Tranquil and serene ;
And walks the blue azure,
As lovely and fair
As if the dark tempest
Had never been there.

It is thus with man
In prosperity's hour ;
He plucks the gay blossom
From pleasure's fair flower ;
And his eye beams as bright,
As joyous and clear,
As if it had never
Been dimmed with a tear.

When the moonlit heavens
Their glories unfold,
Like a beautiful garment
Bedroppéd with gold ;
And lake, and river,
And ocean waves' hue,

Are all of the deepest
Cerulean blue.

'Tis in the softness
Of such a calm hour,
That earthly passions
Relinquish their power.
Then soars the glad soul
All unfettered and free,
Through the boundless space
Of immensity.

Then seemeth the earth,
With its joys and fears,
Like some faded dream
Of our boyhood years;
And the bliss that we taste
In such moments of thought
Breathes peace to the soul,
And is never forgot.

THE HUSBAND'S SONG.

Wha my kettle now will boil,
Wha will cheer me wi' her smile,
Wha will lichten a' my toil,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will meet me on the stair,
Wha will kiss me kindly there,
And lull to rest ilk earthly care,
When thou art far awa'?

When the day is at a close,
Wha will mak my wee drap brose,
Snodly mend my holey hose,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will wi' my failings bear,
Wha my e'enin' psalm will share,
Wha will wi' me kneel in prayer,
When thou art far awa'?

When the nights grow lang and cauld,
And the wind blows snell and bauld,
Wha her arms around me fauld,
When thou art far awa'?

Wha will trigly mak' my bed,
Draw my nichtcap on my head,
And kiss me when I down am laid,
When thou art far awa'?

Nane! and dowie now I gang,
Through the house the hale nicht lang,
Croonin' ower some simple sang
O' her that's far awa'!

Now I downa bide to leuk
Ayont the cheerless ingle neuk,
Where oft I read the Holy Beuk
To her that's far awa'!

Haste, my dearest! haste ye hame;
Come, my ain beloved dame!
Ferry ower loch, sea, and stream,
And ne'er gae mair awa'!

CONFESSION.

“ Who can forgive sins, but God only ? ”

NAY, holy father, come not near,
The secret of my soul to hear,
For not to mortal ear I tell
The thoughts that in this bosom swell,—
The hopes, the wishes, wild and vain,
Which wander through this burning brain.
Frail fellow-being, why should I
Before thee kneel imploringly ?
'Twere worse than madness to believe
Man can his brother-worm forgive,
Or yield unto the contrite one
That peace which comes from Heaven alone.
No—let me spend this blessed hour
Communing with a higher power.
The world shut out, I'll lowly bend
To my Almighty Father, Friend:
To Him for mercy I'll appeal—
To Him my inmost soul reveal.
He knows the heart that He has made,
By each alternate passion swayed;
And can forgive it, for He knows
Its wants, its weakness, and its woes.

By His protecting pardon blest,
 How sweetly might I sink to rest,
 And sleep His sheltering wing 'beneath,
 Though 'twere the last dark sleep of death.

MARIAN'S GRAVE.

WE saw decay's pale, hectic streak
A moment flush her faded cheek;
And heard the sounds of farewell quiver
Upon her lip, now mute forever.

And for a space her sunken eye
Seem'd lighted with a brilliancy
Of sunshine from the soul imparted,
So bright a look of love it darted.

O! that so sweet, so fair a form
Should feed the loathsome church-yard worm;
'Mid crumbling bones and clammy clay,
The stern memorials of decay.

No! she should not be shrouded there,
So pure, so gentle, young, and fair,
Nor hireling's vulgar fingers stain
Her coffin, with their touch profane.

Far down the green dell's woody glade,
Deep, deep beneath the elm-tree's shade,
With wild flowers springing o'er her breast,—
There she should have her place of rest.

No choristers beside her grave
Should chant their dull funereal stave ;
Nor sculptured marble rise to show
The sleeper's name that rests below.

But there the thrush, at vesper hour,
His mellow hymn of love would pour ;
The red-breast too, in autumn day,
Would warble there his roundelay.

There Spring would spread her gayest green,
And nightly, 'mid the sylvan scene,
Kind fairy elves, with many a flower
Begemm'd with dew, would deck that bower.

And all forgetful of her care,
In silence she would slumber there,
Nor e'er again heart-broken grieve
That man should woman so deceive.

DIRGE.

CHARLIE, darling little Charlie,
Much beloved but blighted early ;
Blinding tears our grief are telling,
As we can scan thy narrow dwelling.

Household echoes, lately ringing
To the gladness of thy singing,
Now are silent — or awaken
To the wail of hearts forsaken.

While the budding woods were growing,
Daffodils and pansies blowing,
Song-birds to their haunts returning,
Thou hast gone and left us mourning !

Mourning for our cherished treasure,
Mourning for our vanished pleasure,
Mourning for the broken story
Of its brief terrestrial glory.

To thee baby hearts were clinging,
Now with wordless sorrow wringing ;
He recall'd thee home who gave thee :
Night was come, and death would have thee.

So we leave thee here in slumber
Which no earthly pain can cumber,
Till the trump of God awake thee,
Home to Christ in bliss to take thee.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

"To whom can we go, but unto thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life." — Matt. xiv. 6.

BUT unto Thee — but unto Thee,
To whom can man in trouble flee?
To whom his malady make known,
O living God! but Thee alone?

Thou the alone Physician art,
Canst heal the sorrow-broken heart;
Subdue the wounded spirit's pain,
And bid it bound with joy again.

The troubled springs to which, at first,
We blindly stoop'd to slake our thirst,
Hath dried up like a summer rill,
And left us faint and thirsting still.

When storms are low'ring o'er our head,
And every earthly stay is fled,
To whom for refuge can we flee,
O living God! but unto Thee?

No health earth's turbid streams contain :
Who drinks from them must thirst again ;
But he who quaffs life's limpid river,
No more shall thirst again forever ?

'THE LILY O' GLENLYON.

SWEET is the e'ening's tear o' dew
Upon the bending harebell blue,
But sweeter far is she I lo'e, —
The Lily o' Glenlyon.

I've kissed wi' mony a Highland quean,
Wi' Lowland maids danc'd on the green,
But nane like her I kiss'd yestreen, —
The Lily o' Glenlyon.

O, thou art sweet as e'ening's gale
That whispers down the blossom'd dale,
An' soft as lover's wooing tale, —
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

I've seen the rose in lordly bower,
The violet bloom by ruined tower,
But thou art beauty's peerless flower, —
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

Nae gems thy gouden ringlets braid,
Thy brawest veil's the tartan plaid,
My Highland love, my mountain maid,
My Lily o' Glenlyon.

Thy rosy cheek, thy deep-blue e'e,
That shot sic deadly glaumerie,
Hath bound my heart for aye to thee,
Sweet Lily o' Glenlyon.

ST. MARY'S WELL.

THE blithest e'e I ever saw
Was her e'e o' heavenly blue,
The sweetest kiss I ever staw
Was a kiss o' her hinny moue.

We met when gloamin's dewy tear
Upon the wild flower fell,
We parted when the morning clear
Shone on St. Mary's Well.

Nae vulgar love was ours, I trew,
At that calm blessed hour,
For the pearly drap o' siller dew
Ne'er was more chastely pure.

We gazed upo' the stars aboon
That danc'd to the waverin' sicht,
An' blessed the bonny simmer moon
Wi' her cloudless mellow licht.

We swore nae aith, we pledg'd nae vow
To be to ither kind,
For honest sauls will aye be true,
Without an aith to bind.

I'll aye gang to St. Mary's Well,
By the green wood leafy shaw,
To meet the maid o' Annandale,
That wil'd my heart awa'.

JEAN LINN.

O HAUD na your noddle sae hie, my doo,
O haud na your noddle sae hie ;
The days that hae been may be yet again
seen,
Sae look na sae lightly on me, my doo.

O geck na at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn,
O geck na at hame hodden gray ;
Your gutcher and mine wad hae thocht them-
selves fine
In cleedin sae bein, bonny May.

Ye mind when we won in Whin glen, Jean
Linn ?
Ye mind when we won in Whin glen ;
Your daddy, douce carle, was cottar to mine,
And our herd was your bonny sell, then,
Jean Linn.

O then you were a' thing to me, Jean Linn,
O then you were a' thing to me ;

An' the moments scour'd by, like birds through
the sky,
When tenting the owsen wi' thee, Jean
Linn.

I twin'd you a bower by the burn, Jean
Linn,
I twin'd you a bower by the burn ;
But dreamt na that hour, as we sat in the
bower,
'That fortune would take such a turn, Jean
Linn.

You busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn,
You busk noo in satins fu' braw ;
Your daddie's a laird, mine's i' the kirk yard,
And I'm your puir ploughman, Jock Law,
Jean Linn.

SONG.

OLD England, warlike England,
Thy lion wakes again !
His roar through sunny Ind resounds
As once it pealed in Spain.
In soul-arousing notes it rings,
Through Cathay's distant clime,
And a wail
On the gale
Is blent with battle's hymn,
While the craven herds amaz'd behold
Triumph unstained by crime.

Old England, dauntless England,
Thy conq'ring legions come !
The Clansmen's gathering pibroch blends
With trumpet and with drum.
Bold Erin's battle-cry bursts forth,
As on the dusky bands
With a cheer
They career,
And the traitors bite the sands,
Or like the chaff by rushing winds,
Are scattered through the lands.

Old England, noble England!

Thy hand ne'er drew the glaive
But from his foes to free the wronged,

His fetters from the slave;
Yet ever gen'rous in thy strength

To spare a fallen foe,

No stain

Can remain

On thy scutcheon's spotless snow,
Who strong in might upholds the right
And strikes the spoiler low.

Old England, glorious England!

On this terrestrial sphere
For truth and worth and majesty

Where yet was found thy peer?
Thou treader down of tyranny,

Thou tamer of the strong,

Land and main

Own thy reign,

And round thy footstool throng,
While wond'ring nations worship thee,
Thou Queen of sword and song.

SONG FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE
BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

TUNE — “ *Go to Berwick, Johnnie.* ”

BLESSING on the day that brings us a' thegither,
To drink in Usquebae the land o' kilts an'
heather;
An' blessing on the night set Scotia's heart a
throbbin',
As wi' supreme delight she welcom'd winsome
Robin.

Then its warlike head her thistle liftit proudly,
While strains might wake the dead her bag-
pipes liltit loudly:
Then by loch an' lea, then ower muir an'
cairn,
Fairy minstrelsy sung welcome to the bairn.

A' the world ower has heard his wild harp
ringing,
Hearts on ilka shore ha'e kindl'd wi' its sing-
ing,
Through the lordly ha', i' the reeky sheeling,
To the hearts o' a' Robie's sangs gae stealing.

Ilka bosom here at that lov'd name is throb-
bin';
Here's to Scotia dear, an' Scotia's darlin'
Robin;
Here's to Hieland hame and Hieland hills sae
hoary,
An' here's to him whose fame made brighter
Scotia's glory.

Kindly 'tis and meet thus yearly to forgather,
We whose favor'd feet ha'e trod the muirland
heather;
Paidl't in the streams frae Scotia's mountains
rowin';
Heard her pibrochs scream and pu'd her bonny
gowan.

Blessing on the land that mither-like receiv'd
us,
Took us by the hand and brither-like believ'd
us;
Long as ocean laves and ocean breezes fan
her,
Still o'er ocean waves exalt the starry banner.

While we've truth and worth, manly faith an'
honor,
Let our hearts send forth their benison upon
her;

By our thistle dour, by our mossy cairns,
Nought maun stain or cloor the faith o' Scotia's
bairns.

Sae up wi' hodden grey, up wi' plaid and bon-
net ;
Native hame for aye, and blessing be upon it.

WORK IS PRAYER.

Laborare est orare.

O GRANT us faith to work, and hope to win.
When jocund youthhood's morning sun is
shining,
'Tis time the work of warfare to begin, —
The Christian soldier's warfare waged with
sin.

Laborare est orare.

O Father, let our toil seem ever sweet!
When duty bids us still the task be plying;
The task that brings us daily to Thy feet,
To catch new glimpses of Thy mercy-seat.

Laborare est orare.

Though stern the harvest toil, the day's work
long,
With thankful hearts our scanty sheaves we'll
gather;
And strong in confidence, in trusting strong,
Still with our tears will mingle bursts of
song.

Laborare est orare.

We soon must lay our earthly armor down:
And in the heavenly land are legions waiting,
To raise the choral welcome of renown,
And crown us with an everlasting crown.

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

DEAR Aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny
Graham?

The carle sae pawkie an' slee;
He wants a bit wifie to tent his bien hame,
An' the body has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty an' owerlay sae clean;
An' ribbon that wav'd boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin'
yestreen,
An' rappit, and speer'd aye for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minnie, sae
thrang,
Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie;
An' foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang
Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

“Hech, Tibby lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,
Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,
An' muckle mair gear shall be at your com-
mand,
Gin ye will look kindly on me.

“Yon herd o’ fat owsen that rout i’ the glen,
Thae naigies that nibble the lea,
The kye i’ the sheugh, an’ the sheep i’ the pen,
I’ll gie a’, dear Tibby, to thee.

“Nae carkin’ or toilin’ shall e’er to ye fa’,
Gin ye will but buckle with me;
Wi’ plenty in kitchen and plenty in ha’,
Our ingle a heaven shall be.

“I’ll hap ye an’ fend ye, and busk ye and
tend ye,
As couthy as couthy can be;
I’ll comfort an’ cheer ye, an’ daut ye and
dear ye,
An’ mak’ ye the licht of my e’e.

“An’, lassie, I’ve goupins o’ gowd in a stockin’,
Wi’ pearlins wad dazzle your e’e;
A mettl’d but canny young yaud for the yokin’,
When ye wad gae jauntin’ wi’ me.

“I’ve lo’ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit
bairn,
Ye ran ilka day to meet me,
An’ deckit my bonnet wi’ blue bells an’ fern,
Wi’ meikle glad daffin and glee.

“An’ noo woman grown, an’ mensefu’ an’ fair,
An’ gracefu’ as gracefu’ can be,

Will ye tak' an auld carle, who ne'er had a
care

For woman, dear Tibby, but thee? "

Sae, Aunty, ye see, I am a' in a swither

What answer the body to gi'e ;

But aften I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,

An' let puir young Tibby abee.

A FIRESIDE SCENE.

WHEN the sunbeams o' fortune upon us are
sportin'

We've plenty o' frien's then to daut us ;
But when siller is gane we sit down alane
O'er a wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

The case was just sae, wi' my mither an' me,
Sae down at the fireside we sat us ;
An' my auld mither sicht, as we sat at mid-
nicht
O'er a wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

"Come, mither," I cried, "lat you sorrows be
dried ;
I'm sure it would unco ill set us
To sit here an' gloom, cause our aumry is
toom,
O'er a wee pickle saut an' potatoes."

THE GRACE.

"Thou Being all good, who hath sent us this
food,
Thou who at the first did create us,

In goodness now shine, and in mercy divine,
Bless our wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

"Tho' want we've endur'd, yet still we're assured

That Thou wilt not always forget us;
When siller is scant, Thou wilt bless to the saunt

His wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

"Now, Lord! we entreat, mak' us patient and meet

For the joys and the woes that await us;
Where Thy blessing is sent, lat us aye be content

Wi' a wee pickle saut an' potatoes."

CONCLUSION.

"Come, mither, begin, to repine would be sin,
'Tho' little we ha'e to elate us,

Save light hearts an' leal, that sma' pock o' meal,

An' this wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

"Let the wealthy deride i' the pomp o' their pride,

An' grandeur's gay minions sneer at us;
'Tho' we may look waur, we're happier far

Wi' our wee pickle saut an' potatoes.

“An’ when we are laid in our cauld clayey bed,
The just an’ the gude will regret us;
Then let’s ne’er despair, altho’ our best fare
Be a wee pickle saut an’ potatoes.”

THOU ART FAR AWAY.

THOU art far away,
Thou art far away;
But thy image imprest on my soul is so blest
And lovely, it ne'er can decay.

I think on thy soft, tearful smile,
At parting so tenderly given,
And the lingering look then wistfully took,
That thrilled like the lightning of heaven.

I gazed on the bright summer morn,
That looked from her home in the sky,
And pensively said in my fondness of soul,
Perchance she now meets thy mild eye.

Thou knowest my passion, how pure,
By many a kind token proved,
But ne'er till this heart-broken hour did I
dream
How fondly and deeply I loved.

When seated by those we adore,
The bosom may ecstasy own;

But the depth of affection we never can know,
Until the beloved is gone.

Thou art far away,
Thou art far away;
But thy image imprest on my soul is so blest
And lovely, it ne'er can decay.

CHURCH-YARD THOUGHTS.

How soundly sleep the dead
In the chambers of their rest!
Every waking dream is fled,
Every care that heaved the breast,
All is hushed and they are blest.

How soundly sleep the dead!
The beloved heart is cold;
And the cheek where beauty played
Is enveloped in the hold
Of the shroud's enwrapping fold.

How soundly sleep the dead!
Beauty's ruby lip is blanched,
And the glance that lightnings shed
The dark charnel-damps hath drowned,
And its light forever quenched.

How soundly sleep the dead!
The young lover's whispered tale
Hath died, as down the glade
Dies the murmur of the gale—
O, his manly cheek, how pale!

How soundly sleep the dead !
Even hushed the infant's cries :
Now the earth's its cradle bed,
Which the night wind lullabies :
And how still the baby lies.

How soundly sleep the dead !
Statesman, soldier, sage, and bard,
All, like broken harps, are laid
'Neath the silent dewy sward —
Proud ambition's sole reward.

Yes, soundly sleep the dead !
But a shout shall rend the skies,
That will rouse them from their bed,
And bid each sleeper rise,
To attend Heaven's dread assize.

SCHAMYL.

[In the beginning of 1840 the Circassians, led by their gallant native chief, Schamyl, with great slaughter defeated the Russians, commanded by General Godovin, and destroyed all their new forts; since which time the hordes of the Czar have never set foot among the mountain fastnesses of Circassia.]

HEAR ye the hurricane sounds that come
From far-off mountain lands,
Where legions marshal to bugle and drum,
And bondsmen bare their brands?
Their fetters and fears to the winds they have
given;
Their country, their homes, and their cause to
Heaven!

Like the desolating locust cloud,
The spoilers blight the plains,
And the blaze of freedom's sun they shroud
With carnage, blood, and chains;
Like the rush of the mountain cataract,
The patriot warriors shall bear them back.

How manhood spurns at the name of slave.
When roused from slavery's dream!
How nerved the arm that wields each glaive,
With vengeance in its gleam,

While thickly the Autocrat's savage hordes
Are sinking beneath their chivalrous swords!

The deep-voiced winds with freedom roam,
The waves with freedom roar,
As mountain-like they, crested, foam .

To the quaking cliff-bound shore ;
And the warrior land, late an ice-bound sea,
Hath mustered the might of its wrath — and
is free!

STANZAS TO A CHILD.

STRANGE that this breathless, lifeless thing
hath felt

The sunshine of existence: can it be
That music on those bloodless lips hath
dwelt?

Now mute and fixed in cold frigidity.
That smile of merriment, and lightsome glee,
Should on that clammy marble cheek
have play'd?

Like sunbeams dancing on the daisied lea,
Or summer gales that wake the primrose
bed,
Leaving no trace behind, yet lovely while they
stay'd.

O, little dreamt thy mother, on her breast,
As, cherub-like, thou in thy childhood lay,
That from its shrine, man's vi'lent hands
would wrest

Thy little head; and widely to the day,
Each crevice, cord, and secret spring dis-
play —

That to the earth its crimson stream would
fall,

As drop the rose-leaves from the shaken
 spray,
Or autumn berries from the bough, when
 all
Sweet flowers are gone, and Winter holds his
 carnival.

And who is he that stands beside thy clay,
 With tearless eye, and sees thy bosom
 torn?
That sullen, dogged serf; let no one say
 He was thy sire, else would the laugh of
 scorn
Light on his leaden soul; the sun of noon
 Ne'er shone upon a duller clod than he.
Yet wherefore should we judge? Though
 he hath borne,
And still bears on in mute tranquillity,
His soul we cannot scan, nor all its secret
 workings see.

What know we but that soul with bitter
 pangs

Of noiseless woe is wrung, though tearless
 now

Above thy mutilated frame he hangs,
 With apathy of look, and scowling brow,
As if his heart were iron; yet O how
 Terrible the thoughts that may be war-
 ring there!

Waters are deepest where they smoothest
flow,
And his may be the calmness of despair —
A spirit steel'd, misfortune's stormiest blasts to
bear.

Misjudge him not. Speaks not that vacant
eye
Of deep abstraction's meditative trance?
Haply he ruminates on years gone by,
And at one mournful retrospective glance,
Beholds his blue-eyed, rosy darling, dance .
In gladsome gambols round his cottage
hearth,
And eying her, well pleas'd with looks as-
kance,
Blesses the happy hour that gave her birth,
While his low cottage rings with the young
prattler's mirth.

'Tis Sabbath morning, and his heart leaps
high,
While with his little one he seeks the
knoll,
Dappl'd with daisies, where the stream runs
by
The hazel bower, with soft meandering
roll ;
There while its music steals into his soul,

How his eye glistens as he views the wiles
Of his fair infant as she pours the whole
Fresh, flowery treasures on him — dewy
spoils
From bank and lawn — and with a father's
joy he smiles.

He smiles! O do not wake him from his
dream
Of thrilling ecstasy. The summer sun
Shines beautifully on that bank; its beam
Falls on his innocent, young, gleesome
one,
While like a fawn she frolics in her fun;
Now listening to the brook — anon the
birds
Delight her infant soul — now she hath run
And clasp'd his neck with lisp'd affection's
words;
Ha! dreamer, wake and see what misery earth
to thee affords.

O what a sorrow-breeding life is this,
Teeming with ailments, evils, groans, and
tears;
A lazar-house of trouble and distress, —
A pilgrimage of "few and evil years;"
Or if one pleasure 'mid the waste appears,
'Tis but to cheat us; and when we would
clutch

The lovely thing which beauty's semblance
wears,
Even for its very frailty prized so much,
Then like a blighted flower it withers at our
touch.

We come into this weary world in tears ;
Leave it in lamentation ; and between,
A fearful track of sin and suffering rears
Its hideous length — a sorrow-checked
scene,
Where pleasure's glimpses briefly intervene,
Like lightning's flicker in the midnight
gloom,
Cool fountains in the desert, spots of green
And sunny verdure, living flowers whose
bloom
But give a darker shade of terror to the
tomb.

It was not so with thee, thou blighted
flower ;

Thy April sun in smiles a moment shone,
Seeming to promise many a blissful hour
Of cloudless beauty ; now the spell is
gone,
And thou art shrouded, confined, and anon
The yawning grave will hide thee from
our eyes,

And thou wilt slumber soundly and alone,
Unheeding aught that passeth 'neath the
 skies,
'Till the archangel's summons bids the dead
 arise.

SCOTLAND.

O THE bonny hills o' Scotland! I think I see
 them noo,
Wi' robes o' purple heather bloom and rugged
 peaks of blue,
Where mountain glen is ringing wi' shep-
 herd's melodie,
While laverock upward winging is not more
 blithe than he.

O the flowery howns o' Scotland, her haughs
 and gowany braes,
Where blooming, lovesome maidens barefoot
 are bleaching claes,
And gleesome bairns are skirling, and tenty
 carlines scauld,
And rosy health is glowing on cheek o' young
 and auld!

To the bonny streams o' Scotland, her lochs
 and wimplin' burns,
My waking visions wander, my sleeping love
 returns ;
And there the birken sheeling to fancy comes
 again,
Wi' Jean at gloamin' stealing to meet me i'
 the glen.

O the storied fields of Scotland are fraught
with battle lore,
They're rife with Roman men'ries, they're
rank with Danish gore ;
And lion-hearted Wallace wight, the flower of
chivalrie,
And Bruce of Bannockburn, shall ne'er for-
gotten be.

O the holy men of Scotland, that muster'd
in their night
To breast corruption's torrent spate, and battle
for the right !
Each spot rever'd where freely forth their sa-
cred lives were given,
Shall ever, like an altar fane, send incense
sweet to heaven.

O thrice beloved Scotia ! my honored mither
dear,
A wanderer's bosom truly beats for thee from
year to year ;
And when this mortal pilgrimage his weary
feet hath trod,
He fain would tak his final sleep beneath a
Scottish sod.

SONG.

A PROUD heart 'neath a needy coat,
O' ane o' laigh degree,
A happy ha', an' humble lot,
Yet wha daur meddle wi' me?

For painted room or lordly bower
A preen I wad nae gie,
But place my fit on mountain flower
Then wha daur meddle wi' me?

For in my soul a something thrills
All fetterless and free,
As blasts that sweep my native hills,
Then wha daur meddle wi' me?

There's king and country, knights an' cairds,
An' men o' 'ilk degree,
Dukes, tinkers, statesmen, leals and lairds,
But wha daur meddle wi' me?

Here's to my frien's, here's to my faes,
An' here's to Ochiltree;
God bless him wheresoe'er he gaes,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

TOUJOURS LA MÊME.

As gathers the night when the sun seeks the
 sea,
So, darkens my spirit when parted from thee,
Thus folds up the daisy in silence alone,
To weep 'mid the dews when the day-god is
 gone ;
And here in the wildwood I whisper thy name,
And sigh to the summer wind, *Toujours la*
 même.

Toujours la même, Mary, far in the wild,
I see thee before me as last when thou smiled ;
Thy rosy looks glowing with goodness and
 love,
As beams the May moon from the blue heaven
 above ;
And spurning ambition, and grandeur, and
 fame,
My soul to thee turning, love, *Toujours la même.*

HYMN.

LORD of the sunshine, cloud, and shower,
Who swayest nature with Thy nod,
All space is Thine, all life, all power,
Thou glorious, wonder-working God.

All things are Thine — all days, all years,
All seasons with their varied change ;
All worlds within their countless spheres
Throughout creation's boundless range.

Thy chariot-path is on the clouds,
Thy footsteps on the ocean-foam,
And darkness as a curtain shrouds
Thy awful cloud-pavilion'd home.

Yet though in quenchless glory there
Thou, God, hast made Thy dwelling place,
Still as a father dost Thou care
For all that breathe of Adam's race.

SONG.

O WERE I but beside thee, love,
Where thou art soundly sleeping,
No ills would then betide me, love,
Whose eyes are dim with weeping,
My watch of sorrow keeping.

Sound be thy rest and soft, love,
That sleep that knows no waking,
Whose calm I envy oft, love,
When wild with sorrow aching,
My lonely heart is breaking.

There is one soothing thought, love,
Which God to man hath given;
With tranquil bliss 'tis fraught, love,
To hearts with sorrow riven,
Whose only hope is heaven.

It points beyond the tomb, love,
It beckons to the skies,
Where sorrow cannot come, love,
To mar the endless joys
Of God's own paradise.

THE BEREAVED.

IN vain the mourner seeks to roam,
He cannot fly from care and pain;
The ills that urged him from his home,
Compel him home again.

What boots it that his faded eye
O'er nature's face with rapture ranged?
The spirit's ailment cannot die,
And he returns unchanged.

The bliss, that friendship for an hour,
Like sunshine to his bosom gave,
Passed as the dew-drop from the flower,
The moonbeam from the wave.

He flew to fields and valleys green
That former ecstasy had given,
But she, the angel of the scene,
Had winged her way to heaven.

The glorious scenes he gazed upon —
Wood, river, mountain, lake, and dell —
Woke in his soul one thrilling tone
Of pleasure with their spell.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! that fond and love-fraught word,
Whose talismanic power
Awakens many a thrilling chord
Has slumber'd till that hour :
When like a rich Æolian strain,
Affection gushes forth again.

'Tis heard above the wild hurrah,
When charging squadrons meet,
And those who fall amid the spray,
Are trodden under feet.
From many a bosom gashed and gored,
Is moan'd that one love-breathing word.

In prayer the warrior utters it,
Before the battle fray ;
In tears the sailor mutters it,
When wings his bark away.
Upon the whitening surge's swell
He flings to home his fond farewell.

When o'er the ship, with wrathful roar,
The blackening waters boom,

Shrouding the fated seamen o'er,
Their winding sheet and tomb ;
Then high above the tempest's yell
Is heard their anguished shriek — farewell !

By the believer's bed of death
If thou hast ever stood,
And marked how calmly firm his faith,
How tranquil was his mood ;
His spirit longs with God to dwell ;
Yet lingers still to say, farewell !

The exile weeping on the deck,
While gazing on his home,
Now slowly lessening to a speck,
Now lost amid the foam,
Still thinks he hears his own adored
Maria breathe that mournful word.

Thou sweetly melancholy sound,
Composed of sobs and sighs ;
Giver of many a cureless wound
No skill can cicatrize :
Breaker of many a blissful spell,
All — all must breathe thy name — Farewell.

AULD HAWKIE.

AULD Hawkie's hame again,
Kind Hawkie's hame again;
Wife an' weans are fidgin fain,
To tent auld Horny hame again.

Our cogs o' parritch, soups o' kail,
Our blauds o' scones, an' clauts o' meal,
Her bountith moistens now like rain,
Since sonsy Hawkie's hame again.

In simmer days wi' milk an' baps,
An' dauds o' cheese, we filled our craps,
An' mony a benison wad sain,
On Hawkie that 's come hame again.

Auld Hawkie's hame again,
Canny Hawkie's hame again;
There's laughin' but and daffin' ben:
The dear auld beast's come back again.

We'll feast our frien's, forgie our faes,
Fill up our quaichs, forget our waes,
And Philip Fairly, wale o' men,
Shall rant, noo Hawkie's hame again.

Auld Hawkie 's hame again,
Douce Hawkie 's hame again;
Happit snug frae snaw an' rain,
She'll never mair gae wa' again.

A MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

THE night is cauld, the fire is out,
The wind has blawn awa' the cloot,
I stappit in aneath the door
To stem its bitter bite and roar.

That broken pane has loot the blast
Blaw out my winkin' lamp at last,
An' left me i' the midnight gloom
Wi' eerie thoughts and aumry toom.

The sea is souchin' deep and loud;
The masts are wavin' like a wood
O' leafless trees, whose sobbings seem
Like drowning seaman's anguish'd scream.

The moon is struggling through the lift,
Like bark upon the deep adrift, —
Now seen — and now the bick'ring clouds
Wi' death-like pall her beauty shrouds.

Hark! how the kirkbell's drowsy boom
Comes knelling through the mirky gloom.
An' now 'tis hushed — hark! there again
It rings aboon the wind and rain.

High ower the craigs in deafenin' dash
The big waves hurry, crash on crash,
Till a' the house, though on a rock,
Is quakin' in the awesome shock.

Lord of the sea! amid the stoure
Of nature's stormy revel hour,
Beneath Thy shelterin' wing I'll creep,
And lay me down in peace to sleep.

Yea, though the troubled deep should roar
In yeasty mountains to the shore,
And wind and rain, an' sheeted licht
Disturb the stormy brow of night.

Yea, strong in confidence I'll cower
Beneath Thy mighty arm of power,
And hope the comin' morn will smile
Awa' the wrathful night's turmoil.

SONG.

TO MARY.

MARY, the bright star of twilight is beam-
ing

Calmly in beauty from out the blue sky,
While the young moon through the beech-grove
is gleaming,

Walking her pathway in glory on high.

Hark to the merle his vesper-hymn singing,

Hid in the rose-bower down in the vale,
While every flower from its bosom is fling-
ing

Fragrance and balm on the wings of the
gale.

Bright in the streamlet the moonbeams are
dancing.

Light thro' the birch shade the breeze softly
sighs ;

Clear on the bluebell the dew-drops are glanc-
ing

Beautiful, love, as thy tale-telling eyes.

Come in thy beauty, then, come in thy splendor,

Come in thy loveliness pure and serene ;
Now thy light form, so bewitchingly tender,
Clasped to my soul, makes a heaven of the scene.

SONG.

TUNE—“*Nid Nodin’.*”

O THEY'RE a' smilin',
Cheerily smilin',
They're a' smilin'
At our house at hame.

Blessing on the bairnies,
Blessing on their dame,
Blessing on the kind hearts
That wait my comin' hame.
For they're a' smilin', etc.

When at e'en I wander,
Hameward o'er the lea,
Then my heart grows fain
For the looks I lo'e to see.
For they're a' smilin', etc.

Leeze me on the gloamin',
Wi' its dewy flowers,
Leeze me on the blackbird,
That bigs amang the bowers,
Where they're a' smilin', etc.

Ste'en and Archie 's dancin'
Wi' Jeanie through the ha',
Little Johnnie 's prancin',
The merriest o' a'.
An' they're a' smilin', etc.

Round the knowe I wend
As the sun gaes to the sea.
O Johnny dear, ye're welcome!
Ye're welcome, love, to me.

For we're a' smilin'
Cheerily smilin',
We're a' smilin',
At our house at hame.

TO ORYNTHIA.

IMAGE of my beloved one, why
Art thou forever in my sight,
With that calm, thoughtful forehead high,
Round which the ringlets, dark as night,
Repose in many a glossy tress
Of bright luxurious loveliness?

It is thy silver voice I hear,
Replying softly to my own,
And I can fancy thou art near,
And only thou and I alone,
And words of love are breathed, alas
That never can between us pass.

I fold thee in my arms once more,
Our lips with murmured rapture meeting,
And feel, as I have felt of yore,
Beside my own thy bosom beating;
And round me thy young arms are twined,
As death had ne'er the link disjoined.

That full bright eye of deepest blue
Is turned upon me, and its glance

Comes thrilling all my spirit through,
With its love-lightning radiance ;
Yet chaste, even in the fondest hour,
As dew-drop on the lily flower.

My own adored one, thou and I
On earth again can never meet ;
But O ! methinks 'twere sweet to die
With faith unchanging at thy feet,
And, breathing out my soul in prayer,
Arise to heaven to meet thee there.

THE REFUGE.

“Whom have I in heaven but thee?” Psalm lxxiii. 25.

BUT Thee, O God, but Thee,
To whom shall I address
My wail of deep distress?
Thou only who canst see
My spirit's brokenness;
Thou only, who alone canst heal
The pangs I bear, the ills I feel.

To Thee, O God! to Thee,
With lowly heart I bend;
Lord, to my prayer attend,
And haste to succor me,
Thou never-failing Friend!
For seas of trouble o'er me roll,
And overwhelm with fears my sinking soul.

From Thee, O God! from Thee,
By phantom passions led,
Like him of old¹ I fled!
Saying, This earth shall be
To me a heaven instead;

¹ Jonah.

But then didst Thou in mercy thrust
My earth'y idol to the dust.

On Thee, O God! on Thee,
With humble hope I'll lean —
Thou who hast ever been
A hiding-place to me,
In many a troubl'd scene —
Whose heart, with love and mercy fraught,
Back to the fold Thy wand'rer brought.

THE HOMESICK.

THE blue-eyed sailor-boy hath left his child-
hood's happy home,
And the high, and stern, and heath-clad hills
his spirit loved to roam ;
Around his weeping mother's neck his arms he
fondly threw,
And kissed his weeping sisters three, and to
the beach he flew.

One parting cheer to native home the gallant
seaman gave,
When like a deer the stately bark went bound-
ing o'er the wave.
To lands far in the sunny west the sailor-boy
is gone,
While like a star the light of hope within his
bosom shone.

Years waned away, and many a shore the sailor-
boy had seen,
But fortune smiled upon his path, where'er his
bark had been ;
For many a deed of high emprise and daring
he hath done,
And his good ship from England's foes for
guerdon he hath won.

He wander'd long in distant lands, until his
manhood's prime,
And then began his soul to droop beneath the
torrid clime ;
While thick upon his brooding thoughts a
gloomy twilight crept,
And like a lone, forsaken thing he sat him down
and wept.

He reck'd not of the glory of their gorgeous
tropic flowers ;
Unheeded were their orange groves and incense
breathing bowers :
His soul was sick of foreign climes, and longed
again to roam
The breezy hills that beautified his ocean-girdled
home.

He thought upon the thrilling strains his fair
young sisters sung,
And the magic of each melody still in his
mem'ry rung ;
He heard his wild-wood's minstrelsy, and from
his native hills
Would dream he heard the voices of the joy-
ous summer rills.

He gaz'd upon his goodly bark, that proudly in
the bay

Loomed like a beauteous ocean-bird to bear him
far away ;
Away before the wakening gale, away upon
the sea !
With canvas spread, and home ahead, his
spirit longed to be.

But o'er his faded eye a dim and hazy dark-
ness came,
And sickness with tornado's speed shot through
his burning frame ;
He heeded not his sobbing crew, that round
their leader crowd :
His noble bark awaits, but he is sleeping in
his shroud.

'They laid him by the waveless deep, where
high the stately palm
Stands in its hermit solitude amid the breath-
less calm ;
And when the breeze of even-tide comes moan-
ing from the main,
It stirs the feathery branches with a low and
dirge-like strain.

There sleeps the fair-haired mariner, far in the
burning west,
With summer's glorious garniture above his
place of rest ;

There slumbers he, the fearless one, the brave.
yet gentle-souled:

O who would seek a foreign clime, or sigh for
foreign gold?

LIZZY LASS.

Lizzy lass, Lizzy lass,
Look but in this keeking glass,
'There the faultless form you'll see
Dearest in this world to me:
Eye of azure, brow of snow,
Cheeks that mock the roses' glow,
Lips whose smiles all smiles surpass,
These are thine, dear Lizzy lass.

Lizzy lass, Lizzy lass,
Deeply in this siller tass,
Brimming with the ruby wine,
Let me pledge to thee and thine.
Youth may vanish, eye grow dim,
Age creep over heart and limb;
But till life away shall pass,
I will love thee, Lizzy lass.

SONG.

O LIST, lady, list, to the sad music ringing
From yonder lone spot in the valley you
see :

'Tis Patrick O'Connor's own Norah a-sing-
ing,
To lull the sweet baby that sits on her
knee.

Around her neat cabin-door tenderly wreath-
ing,
The gay honeysuckle fantastically blooms ;
While by her low lattice all balmily breath-
ing,
Sweet-briers and jessamine blend their per-
fumes.

Poor Patrick, God bless him ! was scarce a
week wedded
When cruelly fettered and forced to the
main,
While Norah, sweet girl, like a fair lily, faded,
And ne'er thought to see her dear Patrick
again.

And oft, when the merry lark wakens the mor-
row,

Poor Norah you'll find busy plying her
wheel,

And pensively singing such sad notes of sor-
row

As tears from the hardest of natures might
steal.

And thus crawls one weary week after another,
No friend with poor Norah to weep or con-
dole.

But where hies that stranger in haste? Holy
Mother!

'Tis Patrick himself—now she's clasped to
his soul.

SONG.

O BUT he's an auld body!
O but he's a cauld body!
How could I gie heed to him?
Puir fusionless twafauld body.
O mither, dinna break my heart;
I canna bide his wooin';
Gowd canna hide, nor yet can art,
The back wi' auld age bowin'.
O but he's an auld body, etc.

A fitless stap, a feckless arm,
Wi' een baith blind an' bleery,
Are unco pithless spells to charm
A lassie young an' cheery.
O but he's an auld body, etc.

Sae mither, mither, ban nae mair,
I canna bide his clavers;
Wha for a wooer's vows wad care,
Whase voice wi' dotage wayers?
O but he's an auld body, etc.

Ye wadna seek the rose o' June
'Mid snell December's snawin',

Nor listen to the goudspink's tune
When Beltane winds are blawin'.
O but he's an auld body, etc.

Nor wad ye look in ee o' eild
For love's saft glamour beamin',
Or trow that doited pow could yield
To youth's delightful dreamin'.
O but he's an auld body, etc.

JEANIE GRAHAM.

SHE whose lang, loose, unbraided hair
Falls on a breast o' purest snaw,
Was ance a maid as mild an' fair
As e'er wil'd stripling's heart awa.
But sorrow's shade has dimm'd her ee,
And gather'd round her happy hame;
Yet wherefore sad? and where is he,
The plighted love of Jeanie Graham?

The happy bridal day was near,
And blithe young joy beam'd on her brow;
But he is low she lov'd so dear,
And she a virgin widow now.
The night was mirk, the stream was high,
And deep and darkly down it came;
He sunk — and wild his drowning cry
Rose in the blast to Jeanie Graham.

Bright beams the sun on Garnet Hill;
The stream is calm, the sky is clear
But Jeanie's lover's heart is still —
Her anguish'd sobs he cannot hear.

O make his grave in yonder dell,
Where willows wave above the stream
That every passing breeze may wail
For broken-hearted Jeanie Graham.

THE BEATIFIED CHILD.

WHY are you sad, dearest mother?

Why do you sigh and weep?
And wherefore does baby brother
Lie there so long asleep?

And why are those white clothes round him,
And in those long white bands?
Why have you so closely bound him,
And hidden his little hands?

He is pale, pale, dearest mother,
And wakes not now at all;
Though I kiss him, and call, "Wake, brother!"
He heeds not kiss nor call.

On tiptoe to-day I hastened
At morning hour of prayer,
And long by his couch I listened,
But not a breath was there.

And then methought you would wake him,
When from his cradle bed
You, weeping, softly did take him,
And in that dark chest laid.

Yet sweet little baby stirred not,
Though o'er his couch you hung;
Nor breath nor cry we heard not,
While evening psalm we sung.

But there, like a pale rose blighted
By winter's nipping chill,
He lay on that cold couch sheeted,
In slumber still, still, still!

Why, dearest mother, are you weeping?
Is darling baby dead?
Is it death's long sleep he is sleeping,
That you mourn o'er his bed?

O! then let us pray, dear mother,
Unto our Saviour, God,
That at death we may meet baby brother,
And share his blessed abode.

LAURA'S SMILE.

FAIR Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile,
Is fraught with many an artless wile :
Unchanged on me it fondly beams,
And fills my soul with blissful dreams.
Fair Laura's love, fair Laura's smile,
Oft makes me wander many a mile,
Through pathless moors at midnight drear,
To pour my love-tale in her ear.
Fair Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile, etc.

Her eyes, that mock the diamond's blaze,
Ne'er charm so much my doating gaze,
As the soft, soul-entrancing wile
That revels in her rosy smile ;
And yet the bashful, timid glance,
Of those blue eyes' irradiance,
In all their power of witchery,
Might tempt an angel from the sky.
Fair Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile, etc.

Thy Leila's eyes are mild and bright
Like twin stars in a summer night,
When earth and sky are hushed and calm,
And every floweret breathing balm.

Yes! beauteous is their beam, I own,
As e'er on raptured lover shone;
But yet they want the winning wile
That dimples in fair Laura's smile.

Fair Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile, etc.

'Tis not the cheek's soft, sunny glow,
The heaving bosom's stainless snow,
The form which youth and love array,
To which the heart doth homage pay.
No! 'tis the gentle, pitying look,
Which praise or blame unmoved can brook;
The glistening eye, and soothing tone,
Which makes another's woes its own.

Fair Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile, etc.

With her the humblest rustic shed
That ever sheltered peasant's head,
Would be a shrine of love the while,
If brightened by her angel smile.
Fair Laura's smile, sweet Laura's smile,
Is fraught with many an artless wile:
Unchanged on me it fondly beams,
And fills my soul with blissful dreams.

O BLESSING ON HER STAR-LIKE EEN.

O BLESSING on her star-like een,
Wi' their glance o' love divine :
And blessing on the red, red lip,
Was press'd yestreen to mine !

Her braided locks that waved sae light,
As she danced through the lofty ha',
Were like the cluds on the brow o' night,
Or the wing o' the hoodie craw.

O mony a jimp an' gentle dame,
In jewel'd pomp was there ;
But she was first amang them a',
In peerless beauty rare.

Her bosom is a holy shrine,
Unstain'd by mortal sin,
An' spotless as the snaw-white foam,
On the breast o' the siller linn.

Her voice — hae ye heard the goudspink's
note,
By bowery glen or brake?
Or listen'd ye e'er to the mermaid's lay
By sea or mountain lake ?

Hae ye dreant ye heard, i' the bower o' heaven,
The angels' melodie?
Or fancied ye listened the sang o' the spheres
As they swung on their path on hie?

Far sweeter to me was her lay o' love,
At the gloamin' hour yestreen;
An' O! were I king o' the whole warld wide,
I would mak' that maiden my queen.

SONG.

TUNE — "*Will ye go to the ewebughts, Marion?*"

SWEETLY the wild gray gloaming
Steals o'er yon auld castle wa'.
Let us, my lassie, be roaming
Adown by the greenwood shaw.

There i' the birken sheeling,
Twined by mysel' yestreen,
Far frae the rude and unfeeling,
We will recline us unseen.

Saftly the mild dew's fa'in',
Clear on the greenwood bower,
Sweetly the mild rose is blawin'
—Wi' mony a fragrant flower.

Come then, my love, let us wander,
Awa' to the flowery down,
Far frae the warldlings wha squander
Their hours i' the dinsome town.

O! but my native valleys,
Wi' thee, my ain dear Jean,
Are sweeter to me than the palace,
Tho' glitterin' wi' gouden sheen.

LIZZY LORRIMER.

Is dear Lizzy brawley and cheerio?
Is kind Lizzy canty at hame?
Aye etlin' to mak' ithers happy,
The blithe-hearted, kind-hearted dame?

Her smile is sae lightsome an' winning,
Her voice sae enticin' an' sweet,
Enraptured I gladly could listen
The lang simmer day at her feet.

To think o' her cheers my dark moments,
To sing o' her chases my pain,
To dream o' her is to be blesséd,
For then she is wholly my ain.

She rates me an' preaches o' prudence,
She cows me in holy reproof,
Until I conclude she's an angel,
An' I baith a culprit an' coof.

If lovin' be sic a transgression,
O how can I e'er be forgiven!
Yet certes ane fairly may doubt it—
Since loving's the business o' heaven.

There's Abraham, Isaac, an' Jacob
Lo'ed women, as well we a' ken;
An' were I but snugly beside them,
I think I fu' brawly might fen'.

The priest he cries, "Dinna think on her!"
The lawyer cries "Ditto!" to that;
But gin I esteem her wi' honor,
What dei'l wad the gomrals be at?

I love her because she is loving;
I love her because she is true;
An' she, on my loyalty leaning,
Shall never ha'e reason to rue.

Then here's to her heart-winning sweetness,
And here's to her goodness and truth, —
Those charms that know no decaying,
Outlasting baith beauty and youth.

TO LIZZY.

I LOVE ye, gentle Lizzy,
With a pure and holy flame ;
I love ye, darling Lizzy,
With a love that none can blame.
The very air around ye, love,
Breathes odors unto me,
And all that's loving, kind, and true,
Seems met in Lizzy Lee.

Though graceful is the heath-bell,
The lily on the wold,
The foxglove trembling on its stem,
The gowan fringed with gold ;
These faintly shadow forth thy sweets,
And, beauteous though they be,
They lack the spirit's loveliness
Of winning Lizzy Lee.

I dream of all our rambles o'er
That em'rald-swarded walk,
Where, winged, the golden moments flew
In murmur'd loving talk ;

I hear some gentle cautions,
In a voice of melodie ;
'Tis the guardian angel warnings
Of the stainless Lizzy Lee.

I wander down the garden path,
At twilight's coming gloom,
And muse in pleasant reveries
Beside the bush of broom ;
And sigh for some lone island
In the far Pacific sea,
Where my heav'n of bliss might centre
In the love of Lizzy Lee.

MY SOUL IS EVER WITH THEE.

My soul is ever with thee ;

My thoughts are ever with thee ;

As the flower to the sun, as the lamb to the
lea,

So turns my fond spirit to thee ;

'Mid the cares of the lingering day,

When troubles around me be,

In fancy for aye will be flitting away, —

Away, my beloved, to thee.

When the night-pall has darkly spread

Its shadows o'er tower and tree,

Then the visions of my restless bed

Are all, my beloved, of thee.

When I greet the morning beams —

When the midnight star I see —

Alone — in crowded halls — my dreams,

My dreams are forever of thee.

As spring to the leafless spray ;

As calm to the surging sea ;

To the weary, rest — to the watcher, day —

So art thou, loved Mary, to me.

SONG.

O WILL ye come down to me, hinny?
O will ye come down to me, doo?
For when a' the lave are sound sleepin',
I've come o'er the muir to meet you.
The way it was lanesome and eerie,
The night is baith rainy an' cauld,
Yet hope gar'd the muirland seem cheery,
And love made me blithesome an' bauld.

In simmer, when bairnies thegither,
We roamed ower the gowany braes,
Or wandered at will 'mang the heather,
Or up the glen gaed pu'in slaes.
Ye mind frae the kirk o' Blairgowrie,
When comin' sae courtly at e'en,
Ye vow'd ye wad ha'e nane but Lowrie:
Now Lowrie is waitin' for Jean.

What reck I for maidens o' tocher?
What care I for kith or for kin?
A leal heart is a' I can offer,—
A leal heart is a' I wad win.
Then hoolily haste thee down, dawtie,
O hoolily haste ye down, doo!
For were the womenkind a' single,
I'd ha'e nane, dear lassie, but you.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

WHERE is my sainted father's place of rest?
I fain would look upon it — on the turf
That wraps the hallowed ashes of my sire.
Might I but weep, but shed one filial drop
Of fond remembrance o'er the sacred dust
Which lies forgotten in the place of graves,
Without a stone to mark it. What is this?
What see I here? A shapeless heap of mould
Garnished with verdure. Is this, then, his
grave —

My father's grave — his silent, last, long
home, —

His haven of repose, where the frail bark
Is safely moored from all the ills of time?

And sleeps he here, the man who gave me
life;

The author of my existence? What a throng
Of recollections of my early days
Crowd in upon my soul! Thoughts of the
past

That flit across my mind like the dim forms
Of some forgotten dream. In memory's eye

I see thee yet, my father : hear thee speak,
And list the firm deep music of thy voice,
When thou first told me of a heaven above,
To which the souls of good men pass at
death ;

A God, the Maker of this earth, these skies,
And all the living things that breathe therein ;
Of a deep hell beneath, — a burning lake
Of everlasting pain, where sinners go
Who disobey their Maker. And I listened
In breathless silence to the awful truth,
And prayed thee, father, when thou went to
heaven,

To take me with thee. Then, O what a look
Of heavenly sweetness and parental love
Thou gavest, while hanging o'er thy poor
young boy,

As he sat, softly cradled in thy arms,
Borne upon thy knee ! But now 'tis past —
And thou art sleeping in the dreary land
Of dark forgetfulness — voiceless and still ;
While I stand here in noontide of my youth
Musing above thy dwelling.

Alas ! alas ! for human life, what is it ?
A flower — a breath — a bubble on the stream,
That breaks and disappears ; and I that stand
Here in the ruddy glow of youth and health
Must, in a few brief fleeting years at farthest,
Repose me by thy side, my sainted sire,

Breathless — voiceless — torpid — silent — and
still, —

A thing of nothing — a mere shred of earth,
Such as thou now art. 'Tis a dark, dread
thought

To those who have no paradise but earth, —
No God but Mammon. But to those whose
hearts

And aims soar heavenward, — to the humble
few

Whose hope is anchored on the “Rock of
Ages,” —

'Tis a heart-cheering, animating thought,
Which comes like sunshine o'er the good man's
soul,

Turning his grief to gladness, tears to joy:
Because death brings the harvest of his bliss,
The rich, full harvest day — the great reward
Of all his troubles; and the noisome grave,
That quite annihilates the worldling's joy,
But opes his passage into light and life.

THE CLOSE.¹

WANING life and weary ;
 Fainting heart and limb ;
Darkening road and dreary :
 Flashing eye grown dim —
All betokening nightfall near.
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
 Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
 O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory
 From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary —
 Kiss that closing eye.
Now drops the curtain on all wrong —
Throes of sorrow — grief and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
 Ere life passed away,

¹ This poem, composed by the author of this collection during his last illness, was found among his papers, written with a faltering hand.

Faintly smile while eying
Yonder setting day?

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign,
Cried, with forehead shining,
"Father, I am Thine!"
And so to rest he quietly hath passed,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter, at last.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

SINCE the publication of the first edition of these poems, a large number of others, written by Mr. Wilson, have been discovered among his papers.

From these the Editor has selected the few which appear in the following pages.

September, 1874.

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

THE AWAKENING OF THE WIND.

HURRAH! the wind! the mighty wind,
Like lion from his lair up-sprung,
Hath left his Arctic home behind,
And off his slumbers flung;
While over lake and peaceful sea
With track of crested foam sweeps he!

Hurrah! the wind, the mighty wind,
Hath o'er the deep his chariot driven,
Whose waters, that in peace reclined,
Uplash the roof of heaven;
Then on the quaking cliff-bound shore,
They foaming dash with deafening roar.

The ship loomed on the waveless sea,
Her form was imaged in its breast,
And beauteous of proportion she,
As ever billow prest;
And graceful there as stately palm,
She towered amid the sultry calm.

Her flag hung mooveless by the mast,
Her sails drooped breezeless and unbent,
And oft the seaman's glance was cast
Along the firmament,
To note if there he might descry
The wakening gale approaching nigh.

On came the wind, the reckless wind,
Fast sweeping on his furious way,
His tempest rushing pinions brined
In wrathful ocean's spray ;
On came the wind, and, as he past,
The shriek of death was in the blast.

The tall ship by the shrouds he took,
To shivering shreds her canvas rent ;
Then like a reed her mast he shook,
And by the board it went,
While yawned the deep with hideous din
As if prepared to gulf her in.

With fruitless effort on she reels,
The giant wind is in her wake ;
The mountain billow's coil she feels
Around her like a snake :
Locked in that unrelenting grasp,
She struggling sinks with stifled gasp.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the victor wind
Hath swept the ocean rover down,

And left a shipless sea behind,
With many a corse between ;
And swift, unfettered, strong and free,
Like eagle on his path, speeds he !

BESSY'S WOOING.

PUBLISHED BY W. W. IN 1829.

O GUESS ye wha's gane a-becking an' bowing,
Guess ye wha's gane a-billing an' cooing,
Guess ye wha's gane a-coaxing an' wooing,
To bonny young Bessy, the flower o' the
glen?

Auld Suter Rabbie, that trigs himsell brawly,
Auld Barber Wattie, that smirks aye sae waly,
Auld Elder Johnie, sae meek an' sae haly,
Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the glen.

Fat Deacon Sandy, the high council nabby,
Wee Tailor Davy, sae glibly an' gabby,
Dominie Joseph, sae threadbare an' shabby,
Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the glen.

Big Mason Andrew, sae heavily fisted,
Jock Gude-for-naething, wha three times has
listed,
Lang Miller Geordie, wi' meal a' bedusted,
Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the glen.

Glee'd Cooper Cuddie, a girded fu' tightly,

Red-nosed Sawyer Will, wi' his face shining
 brightly,
The tree-legged Pensioner, marching fu' lightly,
 Hae a' gane a-wooing to Bess o' the glen.

They're sighin' an' sobbin', an' vowin' an' swear-
 in',
They're challengin', duellin', boxin', an' tearin',
While Bess, pawky jade, is aye smirkin' an'
 jeerin' ;
 There ne'er was a gill-flirt like Bess o' the
 glen.

But a young Highland drover came here wi'
 some cattle,
Got fou, an' spak Gaelic, got fierce, and gae
 battle,
An' a' the haill pack did he lustily rattle ;
 O was nae that fun to young Bess o' the
 glen ?

His weel shapit shouthers caught Bessie's black
 eye —
Her head gae a stound, an' her heart gae a
 sigh —
An' now the bauld drover's gien ower driving
 kye ;
 For troth he's baith laird o' young Bess an'
 the glen.

WHEN I WAS FIRST A MASON MADE.

SONG.

TUNE — “ *Gill Morris was an carle son.* ”

WHEN I was first a Mason made,
I was a haffin chiel,
The auld wives cried an' shook their heads :
“ He's listit wi' the diel.”

“ Awa' awa' ! ” my mither cried,
“ Ye graceless ne'er do weel,
Within my house ye canna bide,
Ye've listit wi' the diel.”

My granny wi' the bairns did cour,
Ahint her auld wee wheel.
An' drew a circle on the floor
To fley awa' the diel.

My faither at the ingle sat,
Just now come frae' the fiel',
An' cried, while tears his auld cheeks wat,
“ Ye've listit wi' the diel.”

“ My bairn, my bairn, I fear, I fear
Ye'll never mair doe weel,

When ye could lea your parents dear
To gang an' meet the diel."

I met young Effie on the craft,
Who loed me ay sae weel;
An' she fled an' cried as she'd been daft,
"Ye've listit wi' the diel."

'Twas thus that superstition reigned
Wi' ruthless rod of steel,
And when the sons of light conven'd,
Fouk cried, "they raise the diel."

EPISTLE FROM NIAGARA.

TO JEANIE.

DEAR Jeanie, while the deafning roar
Of Niagara shakes the shore,
And in a misty mantle hoar,
 Shrouds rock and tree,
My thoughts fly homeward evermore
 To worship thee.

'Tis true, this is the place and time
To feel and foster the sublime;
Where men of ev'ry hue and clime,
Meet to adore,
And the rapt spirit's glowing hymn,
May heavenward soar.

Yet still thy form, my peerless Jean,
Is ever present to my e'en,
Lighting with smiles each sylvan scene
By bower and hall,
Log-hut and hamlet, woodland green
And waterfall.

And when alone I wond'ring stand
Amid these revelations grand,
Which the Almighty builder's hand
 On high did rear,
I whisper, while my thoughts expand,
 "Would she were here!"

Would she were here to share my bliss,
Beholding grandeur such as this,
Where loud the tortur'd waters hiss,
 And bright on high
The rainbow in its loveliness
 Bedecks the sky.

Since first the stars together sung,
And earth was fair, and Time was young,
And Eden's 'bowers responsive rung
 Man's song of praise,
That bow of beauty there hath hung
 Its prism rays.

So o'er the scenes of storm and strife
That cloud the weary dream of life,
With pleasures scant, with sorrows rife,
 A bow shall be
Thy love, my own leal-hearted wife,
 For aye to me.

Away, ye hours, on falcon wing,
And back the wand'ring Willie bring,

Who scarcely now can think or sing,
Of aught but *hame*,
And her the queen of all the ring,
Dear Jeanie Graham.

DARK'S THE WINTER NIGHT AN'
DREAR.

DARK's the winter night an' drear,
Yet I naething hae to fear,
My gude-man will soon be here,
To keep me light an' cheery.

Loud the wind is soughin' by,
Snell the drift drives through the sky;
Haste ye hame, my love, for I
Am grown dull an' eerie.

Oh! when he comes smiling in,
How the blithsome bairnies rin,
Fondly kiss him cheek an' chin,
An' ca' him dad an' deary.

Then wi' ane upon ilk knee,
Aft he sings sae merrilie,
That tears o' gladness fill my e'e,
While gazing on my deary.

What care I for warld's gear,
While belov'd by ane sae dear,
Poortith's frown I dinna fear,
Gin my jo be near me.

A' my greatest bliss has been,
Aye to keep him trig an' clean,
In his arms to lie at e'en,
An' be his bosom deary.

Hark! I hear him on the stair —
Meg, draw in the muckle chair,
Welcome, Willie, hame ance mair.
Come sit ye down, my deary.

MEG MACREE.

SAW ye aught o' Meg Macree?
Ego and ago.
Speer'd she e'er a word for me?
Oram coram dago.

She has fouth o' wit and lear,
Ego and ago,
Glancing in her e'en sae clear
Oram coram dago.

She has sense, and soul, and worth,
Ego and ago.
Better far than lofty birth,
Oram coram dago.

She is frank an' debonair,
Ego and ago.
Would she were a wee thocht mair
Oram coram dago.

She is a' the world to me,
Ego and ago,
Smiling, courtly Meg Macree,
Oram coram dago.

Were we in a boat thegither,
Ego and ago,
Sailing on, the Lord kens whither,
Oram coram dago.

Far frae cities an' their din,
Ego and ago,
I would worship her an' win,
Oram coram dago.

Worship her on bended knee
Ego and ago.
Win her, lovely Meg Macree,
Oram coram dago.

MEET ME AT THE CLOSE O' DAY.

SONG.

MEET me at the close o' day,
Meet me at the gloamin' gray,
Meet me by the breckan brae,
My bonny Robin.

When far i' the gouden west
The weary sun gaes to his rest,
An' little birdies seek their nest,
Meet me, bonny Robin.
Meet me at the close o' day, etc.

When the lang day's darg is through,
An' the owsen lea' the plough,
'Mang the broom I'll meet wi you,
My bonny Robin.
Meet me at the close o' day, etc.

Though thou art a cottar swain,
An' my daddy laird o' Blane,
I'll hae thee, or I'll hae nane —
My bonny Robin.

Meet me at the close o' day,
Meet me at the gloamin' gray,
Meet me by the breckan brae,
My bonny Robin.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

I WISH my Meg were hame again,
For wow but she's been lang awa,
An' I am dowie here my lane
Wi' nane to cheer me noo, ava.

I'll belt my plaid an' grip my rung,
An' to the bent wi' a' my birr;
Yestreen I lay alane — the night
I'll lay my lugs I'll lie by her.

The gate is lang an' mirk's the lift,
An' mony a brae an' burn between.
But what is time or toil when gaun
To clasp the waist we lo'e at e'en?

An' she will tak' me in her arms
An' ca' me a' that's kind and dear,
An' kiss me ower an' ower, an' wet
My cheek wi' fond affection's tear.

An' she will tell me a' her love,
Doubts, dreams, and thinkings, joys and
waes,

As meek an' artless as the lamb
That 'mang the muirland heather plays.

Oh, sirs, but love's a lovely thing,
The human bosom's blessed sun,
An' oh may mine shine cloudless on,
Until my thread o' life be spun.

GLENISLA MARY.

THERE's douce auld carles yont the Craft,
An' winsome wives in Broughty Ferry;
There's bonny maids in Lillybank,
But nane like my Glenisla Mary.

The Seidlaw Hills are wreathed wi' snaw,
The breakers roar aboon the Ferry;
But when the gowan decks the Law,
I'll meet my dear Glenisla Mary.

The wind and tide may change and veer,
But love like mine can never vary;
For lang as light to life is dear,
I'll love thee, sweet Glenisla Mary.

A TRIBUTE.

BEFORE the sacred altar of thy beauty
With wandering feet I hither come to kneel
In silent gratitude and worldless duty,
Such as the true in faith alone can feel.

Then from thy threshold, dearest, do not spurn
me,

A pilgrim to the music of thy shrine ;
Nor from its precincts with displeasure turn me,
Who never bowed at altar save at thine.

Unheralded I come once more before thee,
Unblazoned from thy presence would depart ;
Beseeching but in silence to adore thee,
And hide thy image deep within my heart —

Deep in my heart of hearts, unseen, unspoken,
But worshipp'd mutely with a martyr's love —
Until it meet thee, with a pledge unbroken,
Beatified among the blest above.

THE GLAD VOICE OF SPRING IN THE
WOODLANDS IS RINGING.

SONG.

TUNE — “ *The Glenorchy Maid.* ”

THE glad voice of Spring in the woodlands
is ringing,

The herd's cheery whistle comes blythe frae
the hill,

The mavis fu' sweet in the valley is singing,

An' saft down the glen comes the sound o'
the rill.

The mild e'ening dew gently fa's on the gowan,

The lammies are loupin upon the green lea ;

The clear siller stream through the valley is
rowin,

An' a' thing is lightsome and cheery but me.

The hill an' the valley, the muir an' the
mountain,

The broom shaded burnie, the woodland sae
fair,

The hawthorn bower, and the clear bosom'd
fountain,

Can brighten my dark night of sorrow nae
mair.

O Nature, thy grandeur could ance gie me
gladness,

When roaming the wildwood or skimming
the wave,

But now a' thy loveliness fills me with sadness,

For green is the turf on my true lover's
grave.

TO ———

ALBEIT my youth-hood's sunny noon is over,
My heart to beauty is not yet grown cold,
And round my forehead still some ringlets
hover,
The sober gray is mingling with the gold.

From thee in vain would time the roses gather,
And dim the heaven of thy dark blue eye,
For thou hast beauties that no time can wither,
That shall the winter of his flight defy.

Yet there are feelings no decay can wither,
Throbs no lapse of passing years can still,
Souls that at first sight so come together,
That stern death can ne'er divide nor chill.

OH! HEAVY AN' CHILL FA'S THE WIN-
TRY RAIN.

SONG.

TUNE — "*As I came in by the Duke of Athol's gates.*"

OH! heavy an' chill fa's the wintry rain,
But I hae a bonny wee flower o' my ain,
An' I'll screen it frae the cauld and the win-
try wet,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's grow-
ing yet.

Now what think ye is the flower that I mean?
'Tis a bonny wee lassie o' my ain, ca'd Jean.
She's her daddy's very image frae the head to
the fit,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

When I took her to the priest i' the holy place,
She smil'd when he sprinkl'd the water on her
face,
And the blessing o' heaven she surely will get,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

I' the kirk there were bairnies bonny an' braw,
But my bonny bairn was the flower o' them a',
For her skin was like the lily, an' her e'en a
lovely jet,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

Oh! sweet is the smile o' her laughin mou',
Wi' lips like roses wat wi' the dew;
Twa lovelier lips I'm sure never met,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

Oh! heaven may thy benisons fast on her fa',
And lang may she cheer an' enliven our ha',
For she is her daddy's pride and her lovely
mammy's pet,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

When my pow's whitened ower like a snawy
wreath,
And my auld brow's damp wi' the dew o' death,
Then she'll cheer me wi' her smile till the
sun o' life is set,
Oh! my bonny bairn's young, but she's growing
yet.

ON A PAINTING OF TWO CHILDREN.

BLESS ye, my darlings, with your cherub looks
Of gleesome innocence ; those happy smiles
Fall on my heart like sunbeams. Why, od-
zooks !

Some spell, for certain, my crazed ear be-
guiles ; —

Methinks I hear your voices like the clear
Murmuring music of two tiny brooks —
Now wand'ring far apart, now whisp'ring near,
And bickering onward thus in mirth for
miles,
Cheering the traveller on his path, the peasant
at his toils.

And there ye breathe in childhood's happy bloom,
Arrested by the pencil's wizard power,
Amid the dewy freshness and perfume
Of that o'erarching leafy summer bower.
Oh ! that life's bright unclouded morning dream
Would last forever ; that the sunshine hour
Of joyous infancy would changeless beam —
No ills its brimming nectar cup to sour,
No storms to crush, no poisoning breath to
blight the beauteous flower !

Yet let me shun the puling rhymster's whine;
Here is a talisman to banish cares;
Sweet Marjory! that dimpled cheek of thine
Would make an Anchoret forget his prayers;
And then, my blue-eyed Mary! with thy lips
Of deep carnation, and that half-divine
Cherubic smile, that scarcely can eclipse
Thy brow's irradiance, which the signet bears
Of coming worth and beauty, that no passing
time impairs.

Ye lovely elves! if thus your imaged smile
Can cheat a pining heart of half its pain,
How light must be that happy parent's toil
Your kiss of rapture welcomes home again,
Around whose knees, like fawns at play, ye
bound
With gladsome din, and many an artless
wile!
Sweet prattlers, ah! the spell ye warp'd around
My dreaming fancy must not there remain.
Farewell! Heaven shower its blessings on your
infant heads like rain!

SPIRIT OF MY FATHER, ART THOU
HOVERING NIGH?

VESPER.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hence-
forth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their
labors: and their works do follow them. — Rev. xiv. 13.

OH! blessed are the righteous that sleep in
the Lord,

And holy and calm is their slumber,
For when to that mansion of silence restor'd,
No woes the lone tenant can cumber.

'Tis vain to lament o'er the dark couch of rest,
Where the sainted believer is sleeping;
When the spirit is gone to the land of the
blest,

Where never come sorrow or weeping.

Then why should we here in the weeds of woe,
Their departure from hence be deploring,
While they sit where the fountain of life doth
flow,

Their glorious Redeemer adoring.

Oh! surely 'tis rapture to stray by that stream
Where the harps of heaven are chiming,
Where seraph and saint and seraphim
The praise of Jehovah are hymning.

Their lyres are of gold, and their robes like
snow,
And the song of the Lamb they are singing,
But never shall child of mortality know
The song that through Salem is ringing.

And pleasures forever are growing there,
And joys eternally blooming,
And trees and flowers unfading and fair,
The breeze with their fragrance perfuming.

No sun in that firmament takes his stand,
No moon in its heaven doth wander,
For the Lord is the light of that lovely land,
And it shines with the blaze of His splendor.

In that blessed clime life never grows old,
And there no fond bosoms ere sever;
There love never dies — there never grows
cold,
But blossoms for ever and ever.

TO MY SISTER ELLEN.

RETURN, sweet sister Ellen! come
Where loving looks will greet thee,
And kind hearts smile thy welcome home,
And open arms will meet thee!

Beloved one, we have mourn'd thee long,
And, mid our tears and sadness,
Oft call to mind thy trancing song,
And guileless looks of gladness.

And, when the evening shadows fall,
We want thy blue eye's brightness;
And sigh to miss, within the hall,
Thy small foot's fairy lightness.

We've wreathed thy lattice round with flowers,
And deck'd thy fav'rite chamber,
And made the spoils of greenwood bowers
Around its casement clamber.

We've watch'd for thee from morn till eve,
In silence and in sorrow,
And when night came to undeceive,
We said, "She'll come to-morrow."

And wilt thou not come, sister dear,
Among our woods to wander?
The music of our streams to hear,
And trace their wild meander?

Oh, come, my own beloved one, come!
Here loving looks will greet thee,
And kind hearts smile thy welcome home,
And open arms will meet thee.

LINES ON A MINIATURE.

Oh, fair Lizzy! oh, dear Lizzy!
Oh, lov'd Lizzy! what is this I see?
That blue ee's soft glancing,
All my soul entrancing,
Sets my heart a-dancing,
With its glamourie.

But though far asunder,
Fancy still will wander,
Ever growing fonder
As it dreams of thee.

Oh, fair Lizzy! oh, dear Lizzy!
Oh, lov'd Lizzy! what is this I see?
Every speaking feature,
True to life and nature,
Beauteous, glorious creature!
To be lov'd by thee.

Wintry seas may part us,
Wayward fortune thwart us,
But shall hope desert us,
Sunder'd though we be?

No ! sweet spring returning,
Soon shall end my mourning ;
Then all bondage spurning,
To thy arms I'll flee.

AND SHALL THEIR ANTHEMS RING
FOR ME?

“I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.” — Luke xv. 17.

And shall their anthems ring for me?
And shall the heavenly minstrelsy
In holy raptur'd numbers swell,
Because a soul is saved from hell?

The Lord of Life, whose blood did flow
For guilty man, declar'd it so,
And I believe, and shall adore
His name when life and death is o'er.

My restless spirit, why this strife?
Oh! listen to the words of life,
Those words which never can be broken,
For God the Lord himself hath spoken.

Such precious hope the heart might cheer,
Amid the darkest trials here,
And animate the soul with faith,
Tho' trembling on the verge of death.

When time and nature hath decayed,
And mortal things are past and fled,
I shall adore the blessed Lord,
Who spake that joy-inspiring word.

LOVE.

Love, love, ay, let us talk of love,
For it sets my soul a-glowing,
As vernal gales in bower and grove,
Sets all their sweets a-blowing;
Or as the summer shower which sets
The mountain stream a-flowing.

Love, love, if aught of heaven on earth
Is found, 'tis love that makes it;
Each noble thought or deed of worth,
'Tis love, 'tis love awakes it;
And but the generous soul alone
Luxuriously partakes it.

It mocks chill winter's piercing blast,
The deep floods cannot drench it;
It smiles at time, though speeding fast,
For death can never quench it;
Nor peril, suffering, pain, nor woe,
Can from the bosom wrench it.

Away, thou selfish sordid soul,
Thou canst not buy this pleasure.

Nay, even now were thine the whole
Of Ophir's sparkling treasure,
Thou wert a beggar still, and poor
Beyond all earthly measure.

The boundless universe of space,
Heaven, earth, and air and ocean,
To love one hymn of homage raise,
One thrill of glad emotion;
And in a thousand voices breathe
Their raptur'd deep devotion.

And oh! if o'er life's pilgrim way,
Like flower in desert growing,
One gleam of sunshine brightly play,
Across the bosom throwing
A holy joy, it is when love's
Elysian light is glowing.

But there's a bliss surpassing all,
To weary mortals given,
Whose balm, like dews of twilight, fall
On hearts with sorrow riven.
'Tis when our earthly love is o'er,
We'll love anew in heaven.

A SERENADE SONG.

OPE thy lattice, my lady dear,
Where amaranthine flowers are wreathing;
Ope thy lattice, my lady dear,
And list the lay that love is breathing;
Brightly over tree and tower
The gemlike star of eve is beaming;
Softly through the orange bower
The maiden moon is mildly gleaming.

Ope thy lattice, my lady dear,
The nightingale his love is hymning,
And hark! its vesper call so clear
The holy convent bell is chiming.
Down among the myrtle bowers,
Like wooer youth the breeze is sighing,
And on the fragrant bosom'd flowers
In pearl drops the dew is lying.

Wake then, dearest! every sound,
Every eye but mine is sleeping;
Not a murmur breathes around,
Save thy love his vigil keeping.
Ope thy lattice, my lady dear,
Where amaranthine flowers are wreathing;
Ope thy lattice, my lady dear,
And list the lay that love is breathing.

PHILIP FAIRLEY.

SONG.

LAG nae langer on through life,
Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley,
Wanting that wee heav'n, a wife,
Lanely Philip Fairley.

Seek her east, an' seek her wast,
Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley;
When ye find her, haud her fast,
Faithfu' Philip Fairley.

She maun hae baith wit an' grace,
Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley;
Fau'tless form and comely face,
For dainty Philip Fairley.

Jimp an' gentle, trig an' feat,
Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley;
Kind an' courtlie, young an' sweet,
An' a' for Philip Fairley.

Like a gowan in a glen,
Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley;
Nane but you her sweets maun ken,
Canty Philip Fairley.

She maun lo'e ye for *ye'rsel'*,
 Philip Fairley, Philip Fairley;
 Else she ne'er shall mate nor mell
 Wi' our braw Philip Fairley.

A SILLER'D LOVE THEY BID ME SEEK.

SONG.

A SILLER'D love they bid me seek,
They bid me woo a tocher'd quean;
Light of my life, my heart would break,
Were I to give one pang to thine.

Oh! wae betide them, would they part
The angel of my life and me?
No! thou art twin'd around my heart
So firmly, death alone can free.

A rosebud grows down in the dale,
Begirt with many a prickly thorn,
Whose sweets perfume the passing gale
At close of day, at dawn of morn.

My life, thou art the rosebud fair,
Beset with woes around — above —
But I will blunt the thorns of care,
And thou shall bloom in peace and love.

THY CHEEKS ARE LIKE LILIES,
MARION.

THY cheeks are like lilies, Marion,
Dipt i' the red bluid wine;
Thy lang glassy hair's like a lint-tap
Tassel'd in gouden twine.

Thy e'en are like starnies, Marion,
That shine i' the lift sae blue;
Thy lips are like twa blushing rose-buds,
Pearl'd wi' e'ening dew.

Pure is the snaw on the mountain,
White is the foam on the linn;
But whiter thy bosom, my Marion,
And purer the kind heart within.

Soft sings the mavis, my Marion,
Its wild mellow melodie
Sweet frae the green wood at gloamin',
But sweeter thy love strain to me.

BUT UNTO THEE, BUT UNTO THEE.

“To whom can we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life.” — Matthew xiv. 6.

BUT unto Thee — but unto Thee —
To whom can man in trouble flee?
To whom his malady make known,
O living God, but Thee alone?

Thou the alone physician art
Canst heal the sorrow-broken heart;
Subdue the wounded spirit's pain,
And bid it bound with joy again.

The troubled springs to which at first
We blindly stoop'd to slake our thirst,
Hath dried up like a summer rill,
And left us faint and thirsting still.

When storms are louring o'er our head,
And every earthly stay is fled,
To whom for refuge can we flee,
O living God, but unto Thee?

No health earth's turbid streams contain —
Who drinks from them must thirst again;
But he who quaffs life's limpid river,
No more shall thirst again forever!

In Memoriam.

BEHOLD this silent grave! it doth embrace
A wife with Rachel's comely face,
Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,
Martha's great care, and Mary's better part.

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